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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 173
THE BRIDGEHEAD OF FREEDOM . . 176
AIR RAIDS AND OUTPUT . . . 177
A LONDON DIARY 178
MILLIONS OF MEN WITH TEASPOONS. By Ritchie Calder 178
THIS ENGLAND 180
AN OPEN LETTER TO C. E. M. JOAD. By H. G. Wells 180
CURIOUS. By Y. Y. 180
COUNTRY NOTES. By V. Sackville-West 181
A LAST MINUTE LESSON FROM THE SPANISH POSTERS. By Brian Howard 182
WHAT WILL *He* DO NEXT? By Rear-Colonel Connolly. 183
NEWS OF SUFFERING. By Clifford Dyment 184
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait . 184
PLAYS AND PICTURES 184
CORRESPONDENCE 185
From Lieut.-Col. Garsia; E. Müller Blensdorf and others; Kurt Lachmann and Erwin H. Loewenfeld; A. Jeffryes; R. B. Kerr; T. B. Inman; Enid Goullet; Frank Wyatt.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett 188
REVIEWS: Page
Indians on India. By H. N. Brailsford 188
English Monasticism. By Eileen Power. 190
Early Blake. By G. W. Stonier . 191
Lord Halifax. By Richard Coventry 192
The English Civil War. By George Orwell 193
SHORTER NOTICE 193
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS . . . 194
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Cynicus. 195

"SOMEWHAT MIXED UP"

MR. CHURCHILL is the only orator we possess who is capable, in moments of emotion, of talking the English that Gibbon wrote. There was a touch of this stately eloquence in the peroration of his Tuesday's speech which dealt with our relations with America. But in the main passage, that described their development, he lapsed into a simple colloquial phrase. The two English-speaking democracies, he told us, "will have to be somewhat mixed up together in some of their affairs for mutual and general advantage." We shall get no better definition of the singular tie that binds us together. The United States will enter no "entangling alliance." George Washington warned the weak Federation of his day, just emerging from its colonial status, against any relationship which it could not enter as an equal. To-day the United States is the first of the Great Powers, but a traditional fear of being great still restrains it. It may drift, as it is doing, into a close working partnership with the Dominions and ourselves, but there need be no formal articles of association.

The new phase is that Americans have suddenly realised that they owe the security of their Atlantic sea-board to the British Navy. They have begun to lay down the keels of a second battle-fleet, since they now perceive that if we should suffer defeat they will have two oceans to police. But ships without air-bases and fuelling stations would be worthless. Americans have often toyed with the suggestion that we might meet our debt to them by selling the West Indies. That is not within the range of practical politics, but Mr. Churchill has now very wisely offered to lease to this great English-speaking democracy such stations as it may need, for the defence of its Atlantic coasts, both in Newfoundland and in the West Indian islands. This is a welcome proof of mutual trust, and it may also ease our financial dealings with American industry.

Even more far-reaching is the arrangement at which Mr. Roosevelt has arrived with Mr. Mackenzie King. Canada and the United States have now created a permanent joint Board for Defence. In plain words, they are conducting military conversations on a footing that would in the Old World imply a formal alliance. This is the natural sequel to the President's recent declaration, which made the protection of Canada against any external enemy a concern of the United States. Ottawa and Washington have recognised the revolution that air-power has wrought in military thinking. Continents are now the natural units for purposes of defence. In plain English, if either the Nazis or the Japanese could win a footing anywhere on either coast of this hemisphere the security of all its twenty-one republics and of Canada would be threatened. Defence against such enemies cannot be improvised, and the United States is endeavouring both through this Board that links it with Canada and through the Pan-American Union to organise the whole Continent. It understands that the modern conception of "total war" prepares by economic and political penetration for the final armed attack. We do not know whether Canada is considering her attitude towards the vast cartel for the marketing of all American primary produce that Washington is trying to construct. It would not be easy to control wheat, if she stood aloof.

Sooner or later, Canadians will have to reconsider their attitude towards the political structure of the New World. They have never joined the Pan-American Union, and their aloofness may in part account for its somewhat disappointing record. The balance of power within it is so overwhelmingly in favour of the United States that the Latin Republics jealously resist any attempt to turn it into a working reality. Were Canada a member, the balance of power would be less hopelessly uneven. The difficulty would be to reconcile Canada's obligations to the British Commonwealth with her status in the American hemisphere as an independent Power. A constitutional pedant might raise the same objection to her participation in this new Board for mutual defence. Logic and lawyers may be baffled, but common sense will not be deterred from going forward under the spur of a common danger.

It may pass the foresight of the shrewdest prophet to foresee the kind of organisation for peace and economic co-operation that will emerge from this war. Europe is for some purposes a natural unit, but its empires, great and small, bestride other Continents. Some

common concerns, notably land defence, could best be dealt with on a European footing. Other vital matters, such as the control of raw materials, demand a world-wide organisation. If this island belongs to Europe, emphatically the Dominions do not. No neat and symmetrical arrangement can be devised, and for some purposes we shall have to tolerate and even encourage a dual allegiance. A beginning has been made by Canada. It is possible that Australia with New Zealand and the Dutch Indies, may gravitate towards the new combination. A common danger unites them and a common resolve to maintain the values of our threatened civilisation. We congratulate ourselves that the English-speaking democracies should be "somewhat mixed up."

Somaliland

The evacuation of Somaliland was inevitable, and it was carried out virtually without losses. A camel corps could never be a match for tanks. The immediate responsibility for this misfortune lies with the French, who should have co-operated in the defence of this arid dependency. But memory carries us rather farther back. Could the Italians have risked an offensive, here or elsewhere in Africa, had not our blockade spared them during eight months of sham neutrality, and permitted them to accumulate reserves of oil? Again, we recall the celebrated Maffey memorandum which recorded the collective wisdom of the Foreign Office and the Services on the eve of the conquest of Abyssinia. It saw in that prospect no threat to our interests and passed over its strategical aspects as irrelevant because war between Britain and Italy was for these experts unthinkable. The graver consequences of this complacency may yet be felt in the Soudan and in Egypt. We should feel easier about the loss of Somaliland if we had the assurance that adequate steps had been taken to secure our control of Bab-el-Mandeb Straits, the waters at the entrance to the Red Sea. Its two narrow channels are dominated by the British island of Perin. But Perin, in its turn, may depend on the possession of Sheikh Said, the little town on the Arabian coast that belongs to the French. Would they and could they defend it, and if not, is there not a case for preventive action? This may have been foreseen. But it is as well to remind ourselves that our possession of Aden would not suffice to keep the road to Suez open, if the Italians could weaken our hold over Perin.

The Riddle of Greece

When a submarine of "unknown nationality" sank the Greek cruiser Helle in harbour, and two equally discreet planes bombed two Greek ships in the Aegean, it was natural to guess that Italy was preparing Athens to receive "suggestions for a friendly settlement." A pretext was ready. It seems that two months ago two unknown assassins murdered a celebrated Albanian brigand and patriot, one Hoggia. It is well known that Italy has undertaken to protect Albanians of all creeds and professions. What reparation is due for this convenient crime? Those who argue from the earlier precedent suggest that Greece may have to hand over Corfu to the Protector of all the Albanians; others think that so distinguished a ghost could be quieted only if Epirus also were surrendered. But as yet only the unknown submarine has spoken, and we are left guessing. The scope for conjecture is wide. Would the Greeks defend themselves or would they, like King Carol, slide into the orbit of the Axis? Would the Turks, if called upon, come to their help? Would the Bulgarians move to secure, at the expense of Greece, an outlet to the Aegean? Our own conjecture is that the relations between Germany and Russia are so tense that each of these greater Powers may discourage rash enterprises in this part of the world. Berlin may call the unknown submarines to heel and Moscow may suggest to Angora the advantages of ambiguity. If this should be the case, the British Navy in these waters will be relieved of an additional responsibility, while the ghost of Daoud Hoggia haunts the white cliffs of Epirus unavenged.

The First Nazi Armada

The lull of the last few days has given both the combatants and the neutral world time to recognise the greatness of the British victories in the air last week. After announcing the beginning of the Blitzkrieg, the Nazis can no longer contend that the forces they employed were merely intended for reconnaissance. Goering's air-force has been defeated in open combat, and for the first time the German military machine has suffered a check. This in itself, as Mr. Churchill reminded us, is an event of signal importance. Ever since the collapse of France, the world has looked on our cause as a gallant but forlorn hope, and this estimate has been sedulously pushed by Dr. Goebbels. The air-battles of last week and Mr. Churchill's speech last Tuesday have entirely changed the situation. "Never," said Mr. Churchill, "in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few" and in this epigram summed up the feelings not only of Englishmen but of Americans as well. The results of these air-battles were so contrary to expectation that it is not surprising that in the United States and in some other neutral countries there was some doubt as to whether the British figures of our own and German losses could be correct. The doubt was fed quite unnecessarily by another censorship muddle which held up British news of air fighting until many hours after the German stories, prepared, one suspects, even before the raids started, had had a clear run. This delay has now been officially explained by Lord Halifax as due to a "misunderstanding." There have been far too many such "misunderstandings" lately. When will the Foreign Office, the Service Ministries and the Ministry of Information learn, what everyone else appreciates, that the best service to the British cause can be done not merely by frankness and reliability—both of which are of course essential—but by speed in the issue of news; and that "misunderstandings" which hold up news must not be allowed to occur. Incidentally we might well get more of the credit due to us for our careful checking and compilation of the results of air-battles if we showed a little more imagination in our handling of what is really from the newspaper point of view a very great story. Is there any insuperable military objection to allowing a group of newspaper correspondents—particularly American correspondents—to be present at Fighter Command Headquarters while the reports of an air-battle are actually coming in, so that they can see for themselves, and describe to their readers, just exactly how much painstaking care goes into the business of ensuring that the British communiques are as reliable as skill and honesty can make them. Such a story told, as it could and would be told, by experienced newspaper-men would be of immense value in America and would finally complete that deflation of the German reports which is already so rapidly proceeding.

Pensioners' Means Test

The number of Old Age Pensioners at, or near, the starvation level disclosed by the volume of applications for supplementary pensions under the new Act, seems to have come as a shock to most Conservative M.P.s and to many well-meaning but ill-informed people outside. As a consequence, after trying hard to discourage the growing criticism of the administration of the Act, which came into force three weeks ago, the Government is now likely to allow a debate on the whole matter after the recess. A debate is badly needed. Instead of the 250,000 Old Age Pensioners suffering hardship estimated by Mr. Chamberlain in the original debate on the Bill—a figure arrived at solely on the basis of the number of Old Age Pensioners on P.A.C.—there have been 1,300,000 well-founded applications for supplementary pensions. There would have been many more but for the bitter feeling of many pensioners and their families about what they, with considerable justification, regard as the humiliations of the Means Test imposed before an application for supplementary allowance is granted. Rather than face this humiliation, more than a quarter of a million old people abandoned their claims when they discovered what they would have to go through if they pressed them. For the Means Test, as administered under the Act, applies not only to their children but to their in-laws, to relatives, to friends who have given them compassionate house-room and even to their grandchildren. Inquiries have been made at the places of employment of members of the household and the thrifty have been penalised because, although savings, made since the beginning of the war and put into war savings, are excluded from the assessment of means, former savings now transferred into Savings Certificates are not—and how many Old Age Pensioners are in a position to save much "new money" to-day?

A Costly Probe

Rightly or wrongly most Old Age Pensioners in the past have had an unconquerable dread of going onto P.A.C., regarding it as a short cut to the workhouse and the death of all hope. Therefore they struggled on, ill fed and often ailing, on their 10*s.* a week rather than apply for relief. The new Act promised—although its promises were always strongly suspect by those best informed on the matter—salvation from penury without loss of independence and self-respect. In performance, however, it has inflicted upon them a Means Test which they feel certainly not less humiliating than that under a P.A.C., while the average allowance granted has been only 2*s.* 6*d.* a week. Moreover, the administration of the Act has proved incredibly costly and the expense of investigating claims so high that there would probably be an actual saving of public money if a straightforward increase in basic pension rates was granted without any Means Test, as was originally urged by the Labour Party on the strong grounds of humanity and social justice. If there is a debate, it is to be hoped that M.P.s of all parties will press either for a complete reorganisation of the administration of the Act, or better still an all-round increase in Old Age Pensions without any probe into means.

M. of I. and Press

Mr. Frank Pick, called in as Director-General of the Ministry of Information to reorganise that unfortunate product of ambitious bureaucracy from top to bottom, has a pretty substantial task before him if he is to weld an immense mass of Divisions and Sections into an effective instrument. Whether he is the man for the job time will show. He has many of the qualities required; and certainly someone was badly needed to undertake the task, for Mr. Duff Cooper himself has little talent or inclination for the detailed administrative work which is called for. We hope that Mr. Pick will not, as there is already some suggestion that he may, fall into the easiest of all traps besetting an administrator with a reputation, faced by a tree so over-ripe for pruning as the M. of I.—that of a wholesale economy drive with little regard for anything but a reduced pay roll to wave before the critics. There is a great deal of sensible economy required and probably a large number of sackings, but something very much more than that is necessary if the Ministry is ever to become a healthy and effective organisation. If Mr. Pick is sensible he will, we suggest—both for his own future comfort and for the good of the Ministry—set to work first of all to improve relations between the Ministry and the Press which are, at the moment, frankly deplorable. The fault for that is no doubt to be found on both sides. A section of the Press has from the beginning been implacably and often quite unnecessarily hostile to the Ministry as an interloper on territory which is regarded as exclusively its own. But it must be confessed that, by a series of blunders in the issuing of news and still more by a general attitude of mingled distrust and fear of the press, the Ministry has done almost everything possible to fan that unfortunate hostility into a flame which has already consumed two Ministers and badly scorched the third and, what is more important, has very frequently destroyed the unity of British propaganda.

Positive Co-operation

The division between the Ministry and the Press, which is very deep but not so wide that it cannot be bridged, calls for a quite radical change in the general attitude of the Ministry to newspapers, their editors and reporters. What is needed is that Mr. Pick shall induce his higher officials to do what they have never done before, that is to think consistently in terms of active co-operation with the Press as a partner in the common task of informing and educating public opinion at home and abroad. What ought to have been done from the beginning, but what it is still not too late to do, is to set up machinery whereby the press can be told what the policy of the Ministry is—what kind of attitude, for instance, to take an obvious example, it wants civilians to adopt towards air-raid warnings—and what the difficulties in the way of getting that policy across seem to be. After that newspaper editors should be asked, as technicians in understanding and influencing public opinion, what their own ideas are of how the job could be done both by the Ministry and the newspapers themselves. The Ministry—or some parts of it—has now learned that it pays to take the press into its confidence, but what it does not appear to have learned, though it is simple enough, is that the best way to get co-operation is by asking for positive help on a basis of free and equal partnership in a job which all are anxious to see done properly. As an instrument for that co-operation we suggest that Mr. Pick might well consider the setting up of a joint committee of senior officials of the Ministry and Newspaper Editors to which the Minister should bring for consideration the problem of getting across to the public the things he considers essential. Occasional conferences with newspaper editors on specific points are useful when they do not merely, as so often, degenerate into asking the newspapers, for no very clear reason, to do something they do not want to do or not to do something they believe to be right. But they are no substitute for the positive co-operation which is essential if the Ministry is to be a real success, and for which such a committee could provide effective machinery.

Labour and Civil Liberties

It is regrettable that the National Council of Labour should have sought by the issue of an unfriendly circular to discourage Trade Unions from participating in the conference called by the National Council for Civil Liberties for this Saturday. Its agenda deals with a wide range of subjects—the liberty of the press, democracy in the army and the case of the refugees. It properly includes the civil rights of trade unionists, which are in some need of vigilance, if they are to be preserved. It is hard to understand why the Labour Party should discourage other organisations in their efforts to defend the worker's right of association. Perhaps the success of this Conference in rallying the support of some powerful Trade Unions explains the frowns of Transport House. It is always slow to move and never was it slower than to-day. It leaves to others the necessary work of defending civil liberty. When it perceives that any "outside body" has aroused the interest and sympathy of its own members, it is often apt to retaliate by proclaiming its own exclusiveness. That is the wrong response. If its energy equalled its massive resources, there would be no need for others to undertake with difficulty what it could do with ease. The Conference, we trust, will achieve its purpose.

Leon Trotsky

We do not yet know whether the murder of Leon Trotsky was the result of a personal vendetta or carried out by an agent of Stalin. That Trotsky was the centre of an anti-Stalin conspiracy there is no doubt. He was the implacable enemy of Stalinism not only on personal grounds, but because he fanatically believed that Stalin had betrayed the Revolution. But was the striking power of Trotsky's Fourth International so great that it was necessary to send a succession of agents halfway across the world? A more probable explanation may be found in the personal vindictiveness of modern dictators. Hitler and Mussolini have taken as much trouble to dispose of infinitely more insignificant opponents. Leon Trotsky was one of the outstanding revolutionary leaders of all times. Unlike the "reliable" old Bolsheviks, he recognised the correctness of the Lenin line from the earliest days of the February revolution. Without his brilliant military genius, the Red Army would never have been forged, or the civil war won. His failing was that he was a professional revolutionary who could not easily acclimatise himself to the less spectacular tasks of organising a state after the revolution was over. Violence and the barricades were the breath of life to him; and his personal vanity and temperamental inability to work well outside the limelight made his defeat in the obscure battle of intrigue and counter-intrigue with Stalin almost inevitable. Alone of the leading Russian Communists he had a streak of literary genius and wrote one masterpiece at least—*The History of the Russian Revolution*. He was a great man who had outlived his epoch.

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THE BRIDGEHEAD OF FREEDOM

WHEN the Churchill-Labour Government was formed we boldly described that event as the first stage of a democratic revolution. The national unity then achieved and the Emergency Powers taken by the Government might have led either towards the enlargement of freedom or to a Pétain regime. We expressed the view that Mr. Churchill and his colleagues were in themselves sufficient surety that the former of these alternatives would prevail.

Mr. Churchill's speech last Tuesday confirmed our confidence. The fall of the Chamberlain Government saved this country, and with it the cause of European freedom, from utter defeat. For a few weeks, after the collapse of the French army, it was touch and go. But a new leadership, the hard work of the men and women in the armament factories, the endurance of our sailors and, above all, the skill of a few thousand pilots have thwarted Hitler's chances of victory this year. Instead of living perilously from day to day, we can now look forward and plan the strategy by which we can emancipate Europe from the New Order so lately imposed upon it by the Führer of the Third Reich. At the last hour, democracy has rebelled against the defeatism and complacency which was leading it to destruction. Now that rebellion must be organised into an orderly offensive against our real enemy.

The greatest achievement of the new Government has been its recognition of the nature of total war, and its willingness to face the revolutionary changes which the waging of such a war implies. Mr. Chamberlain and his friends were determined to fight the last war over again, although by so doing they nearly brought us to defeat. Mr. Churchill, who thinks in terms not of "understandings" and "solutions" of business conflicts but of military and political strategy, is prepared, we believe, to sacrifice orthodox finance, and diplomacy, and antiquated military etiquette, for the sake of victory. If victory entails a peaceful social revolution at home, and a violent revolution abroad, he is not dismayed. He has the will to victory and the power to win the confidence of labour, and that in itself is a revolution after the epoch of Earl Baldwin and Ramsay MacDonald.

What Mr. Churchill lacks—though the deficiency is disguised by the brilliance of his oratory—is a precise understanding of the revolutionary changes which modern war involves. He has still some of the prejudices and the personal associations of an old-fashioned imperialist and it will be the function of his Labour colleagues to give content to the noble phrases which he used last Tuesday. In two spheres in particular will their collaboration be of special importance; first in our social policy at home in the coming winter, and second in our contacts with the peoples of Europe to whom, when they had freed themselves from the Nazi yoke, Mr. Churchill promised Peace, Freedom and Bread.

At the moment national unity is cemented by the threat of invasion and the ardours of air-attack. But during the long winter months these imminent perils will probably decrease, and only the blind optimist can believe that Hitler will have a monopoly of troubles on the Home Front. We too shall have a huge army, quartered often in lonely places and paid far less than the factory worker. We too shall have an industrial population suffering under the strain of the black-out, the air-raid alarms and the increased cost of living. Our chief enemies will be the boredom and the human frictions which are bound to plague the inhabitants of a beleaguered fortress. There will be restless, spasmodic movements among organised and unorganised labour and there will be defeatist tendencies among those classes for whom the social revolution of modern war means the destruction of privilege and comfort. Against such movements the activities of the Swinton Committee, as at present constituted, will be of no avail. What is needed is not negative suppression but a positive social policy even while the war is on. Next winter we must have not another interim Budget but a financial policy based upon an economic plan; we must proceed to the nationalisation at least of Transport and Coal and to a new democratic educational policy which brings the Public Schools within the National System of Education. If Britain stagnates this winter, she will face the spring offensive divided and weakened as France was divided and weakened this year. Democracy must advance or perish.

Above all we must have a new leisure policy this winter. Millions of soldiers will need entertainment and education if their will to win is to be preserved. "Political Commissars" have a horrid sound, but political education is a prerequisite of a people's army. If the War Office cannot provide it, it must apply to those who can. And in our towns and villages we need, as Mr. Priestley so rightly reminds us, new types of recreation which really re-create the body and mind. Upon these social changes will depend the morale of our people when the campaigning season returns. Without them the tanks and aeroplanes will be of no avail.

Meanwhile in Europe, we must be preparing the ground for the great offensive. Mr. Churchill has—we think, rightly—refused to remove from Herr Hitler the responsibility for feeding the millions he has conquered. Instead he has adopted Professor Julian Huxley's suggestion that we should take measures to store the vast surpluses of raw materials accruing overseas, and promises immediate relief to those peoples who escape the Nazi yoke. But that is not enough. We must use the winter to establish contact with revolutionary forces in every country and to persuade them that our cause is theirs. To do that, we must first revolutionise our attitude to European exiles at home.

In its attitude to European revolution the Government at present displays a lamentable lack of imagination. We should not underestimate the planning capacities of the rulers of the Third Reich or the strength of those forces in Europe, and in particular in France, which will accept unity even under the Third Reich: nor should we underestimate the strength of the hostility to ourselves which a long war may engender. Europe will not spontaneously rise against the Nazis except under a leadership whose revolutionary zeal exposes the falsity of the so-called Nazi revolution. What shall be the aims of that revolution? On this point Mr. Churchill prefers to remain silent.

But silence is in itself the tacit admission of a policy. By not declaring its aims, the Cabinet lets it be understood that our object in this war is the restoration of those governments now in exile in this country and of the frontiers which Hitler violated. Possibly that is not the Cabinet's intention—but that is immaterial. As long as we do not propound our alternative to Hitler's New European Order but simply recognise the exiled Governments, Europe will believe that our aim is the restoration of the Versailles order. For that aim, no people in Europe will fight. On the contrary, they will meet our armies, if they land, with cold hostility. And, as Colonel Garsia argues in a letter on another page, the attempt to reconquer Europe by purely military means is unlikely to succeed. But, as Colonel Garcia hints in his concluding paragraphs, an entirely different situation would arise, if the areas where landings were attempted were in a state of revolution. Given conspiratorial assistance from within, Herr Hitler has demonstrated how the Scandinavian coastline can be captured without serious loss. The tables can be turned both here and on another peninsula farther to the south. But for that the support not only of the exiled Governments but of the oppressed peoples must be won.

We do not minimise the value of the assistance offered us by the exiled Governments and the troops at their disposal. But no Government in exile can represent its people adequately, and it is improbable that any of them, in their present form, will again rule the countries they have left. They can be useful assistants in the task of liberating Europe, but it would be fatal to permit them to become the symbols of our European policy. That must rest not on an alliance of Governments but on the solidarity of peoples. And that solidarity can only be created by a common faith and common objectives. The peoples of Europe will not throw off the Nazi yoke either for the sake of the British Empire or for that of their Governments in Britain. They want a Europe united and yet free, as radically different from the Europe of Versailles as the Britain of 1942 will be from that of 1939. Everyone admits that we need to think out the social planning of this country both during and after the war: everyone admits we need to think out our relations to the Dominions and the U.S.A. Why then do Mr. Attlee and Mr. Churchill unite in saying that the time is inappropriate for outlining our aims in Europe? Is it because they are still influenced by that insularity which caused us to fail so lamentably in our duty to Europe after the victory of 1918?

Unless we can overcome this insularity, we shall not accomplish the second stage of the democratic revolution. For that second stage is no longer a matter of domestic politics, but must be based on the recognition that the defence of this island *is* the defence of European freedom, that the survival of our liberties depends on the recovery of theirs by the other peoples of Europe, and that any future peace will demand as intimate links between Britain and Europe as those now being forged between Canada and the U.S.A. It is our peculiar fate to be the "bridgehead" of freedom, which unites the New World and the Old. Mr. Churchill and his colleagues are developing our links with the New World. Their task will be incomplete, and victory will be beyond our grasp, unless they show the same vision towards the oppressed peoples of Europe.

AIR RAIDS AND OUTPUT

WHETHER counted in loss of life or destruction to property, the results of the mass attacks of German bombers on Britain have so far been meagre. No important factory has been damaged. Even the number of windows broken has been much less than anyone expected. Only in a very few cases has industrial production been seriously interrupted by damage, and then only for a short time. The casualties have been few, particularly when measured against the number of bombs dropped.

What then, if anything, has Hitler gained by sending his waves of bombing planes against us? What does he hope to gain? What is he after?

All the evidence so far suggests that mass air raids can do little that is conclusive in the way of smashing up industrial factories and transport systems against a reasonably strong defence. We must, of course, expect a much sterner testing of that defence in the future. But such evidence as we now have demonstrates pretty adequately that attack against strongly defended areas is a vastly different kettle of fish from attack against a practically undefended city such as Rotterdam, where the Nazi bombers scored the sort of success they had always dreamed of but are never likely to repeat here so long as the British fighters and ground defences stand in their way.

That does not, of course, mean that Hitler must or will write off mass air attacks against Britain as a failure and demote Field-Marshal Göring for misleading him as to the effective striking power of the vast German air force. On the contrary, he may well think that even if future attacks achieve little more in material damage than those launched up to date have done, they are nevertheless well worth while on the sort of calculations by which he judges campaigns. For although the bombs have done remarkably little damage, the interruption to work caused by the raids and even more the reduction in efficiency caused by loss of sleep due to frequent night warnings have been much more fruitful from the Nazi point of view.

They have been particularly so because the raids have coincided with a speed up in production to replace the equipment lost in France and to increase the output of planes. Loss of sleep through night warnings is a much more serious matter to an engineer working extremely long hours than it would be to him if he were merely doing a normal working day. The effect upon efficiency is consequently greater.

It seems indeed probable that, for this reason if for no other, we ought to be thinking of returning to more normal working shifts in the factories as soon as possible. Otherwise we shall certainly not avoid a sharp rise in accidents and in absenteeism with a consequent fall in output.

But if there is a strong case for replying to the interruptions of air raids by a return to a shorter working shift, it is essential that the shorter working day should be made the most of.

That involves a drastic alteration in our present air-raid warning policy. We cannot afford to have production interrupted time after time because a German raider has been sighted and then lost, and may be somewhere in the neighbourhood of any one of a hundred places. We shall have to get used to working through periods of possible danger, when the danger is only possible and by no means serious for any one place. To stop all London, even for an hour, merely because a few raiders are believed to be somewhere in the Home Counties is, for example, sheer folly.

Whatever Hitler may have in store for us, one important object of his raiding so far has been, not so much to destroy life or property, much less any particular factory or aerodrome, as to disturb production by causing widespread interruption of work. He has also doubtless aimed at creating alarm over the widest possible area, and has therefore disposed his raiders over nearly every accessible concentration of industry. Indeed, these two objects work in together: the more widespread the source of danger, the greater is the interference with production when work is stopped over a wide area in consequence of a thinly spread danger.

Some areas have, of course, suffered much more than others from actual raids. But we believe the places in which most time has been lost do not coincide with those in which there has been the largest loss of life or damage to buildings. Loss of life has been greatest in cases of unexpected attack—as when a single raider descended upon an unwarned town and machine-gunned workers as they were actually leaving the factory gates.

This may seem to be a reason for giving warnings, and for insisting on people taking shelter when the warning has been given. So it is, when the danger can be localised. But it is, in the main, a reason for not centralising the responsibility for actually ordering the warning in the hands of a single authority covering a large region, but instead for breaking up that responsibility, in order that as few people as possible may be compelled to stop working. That means exposing people to some danger when the area subject to attack cannot be narrowly defined. But there is ample evidence that people are prepared to face this sort of danger, in the interests of production, especially if they know that their safety is not simply a matter for some central control in a distant place but that there is someone near at hand who will try to warn them if the danger is known to be really imminent. The most serious anger has been aroused so far when warning has not been given by a distant authority which has therefore been accused of callousness to the danger of the place attacked—for example, in the town already mentioned where the workers were machine-gunned without warning in the streets.

In this case, and in one or two others, there has been anger; but there has been no failure of courage. Hitler has not at all succeeded in frightening the people; nor is it likely that he will, even if his onslaughts become much more severe. Men and women, young and old, are taking the air raids very calmly. They will continue to do so if they can get reasonable sleep and do not have their nerves strained past breaking point by sheer fatigue. Fatigue and not danger is the real foe to courage: nerve is undermined not by bombs but by the strain of overwork and loss of the opportunity for recuperation.

It is important that we should act in the light of these considerations before the onset of winter. As the days grow shorter, much more work will have to be done under black-out conditions. Travelling to and from home, often over very long distances, will have to be largely done in the dark. Moreover, in the vast majority of factories, black-out precautions have been designed without any real consideration of strain and fatigue. In most, and especially in the smaller ones, lighting and ventilation are both deficient during black-out hours. More attention is now being paid to this, but there is a very long way to go before a proper balance between A.R.P. and workers' efficiency is reached. Some types of establishment, of course, simply cannot be blacked-out effectively and in such cases the choice will have to be made between stopping production and carrying on in face of the risk. But most factories can, with a proper system of precautions, both be blacked-out effectively and at the same time adequately lighted and ventilated within. It is urgently necessary that this is done in every possible case before the days of darkness are upon us.

There remains the problem of black-out travel. The persons, whoever they were, who decided where to put the great new factories, which are now beginning to employ 20,000 or even 30,000 workers in a single unit, must have been stone-blind to the difficulties of getting these workers to and from work under winter black-out conditions. It is exhausting to travel long distances in the dark after a long day's work; to grope one's way to and from home and railway or bus station in the dark; to leave, and return to blacked-out and often ill-ventilated homes; to live, as it were, all the week, in an endless series of dark and airless caverns. Yet this, apparently, is what we are expecting hundreds of thousands of workers to do during the ensuing winter.

There are two morals. The first is that everything possible ought to be done to devise improved street and railway lighting without undue relaxation of the black-out, and that more attention ought to be paid to the ventilation, as well as to the lighting, of railway carriages and station waiting rooms. The second and even more important is that long-distance movement of workers ought to be reduced to the minimum by employing as many people as possible near their own homes. Where migration on a large scale is unavoidable, as it is with certain Midland and North Western areas intensively engaged on war production, much more must be done to relieve housing congestion by new building or by the adaptation of existing premises wherever they can be found. Gross overcrowding in the home means bad ventilation and exhaustion and trial of tempers: it is bad alike for production and for morale.

The quality most needed for beating off air attack—or indeed any sort of attack—is courage. The British people is richly endowed with that. But no people's courage can be proof for long against overwork, eyestrain and loss of fresh air. The strains and anxieties of the past two or three months have been borne under summer conditions which have reduced them to the minimum. Had the same effort been called for in winter, the people could have responded only at an immensely greater cost. We must plan now, and plan quickly, for a winter in which intensive production will have to be carried on under the most nerve-testing conditions of air attack. No effort or expense ought to be spared to reduce inevitable strain by improved lighting and ventilation, by a new decentralised system of air-raid

warnings, and by weighing carefully against each other the opposing evils of loss of sleep through repeated warnings and exposure to *some* danger by working when attack is possible, but not known to be imminent. These decisions—some of them very difficult to make—are tied up together; for men and women when they are feeling well will gladly work through dangers that will scare them if their head and eyes are aching and their nerves a-tingle for want of sleep and light and air.

A LONDON DIARY

AN old promise, made at a time when any promise for this August seemed no more than a speculative extravagance, decreed that I should spend the first Blitz week-end at the Fabian Summer School at Dartington. A fantastic experience, it seemed to me. Young and gay, yet very serious, we bathed and played and argued just as if there were no air-raid warnings and no distant thud of guns and no dull explosions that we guessed were bombs, if we cared to listen. A momentary halt in paradise with the flames of hell licking at the golden gates. Days of unclouded sun, nights lit by a moon, which mocked our black-out regulations, freedom to talk and to wander, friendship that withstood the knowledge that the calling-up notice would come in a week or two and every now and again the announcement that England's score in the Test Match with Germany was so many score aeroplanes brought down and so many score brave young English and German aviators killed. An incredible and memorable interlude in life.

* * *

The lectures were not at all remote. "Vigilantes" satisfied everyone, apparently, with his account of how Europe got into this suicidal mess. The "Guilty Men" are not alone responsible. This is a social catastrophe that arises from the failure of capitalism and our failure to build anew and in time. Then Brailsford was frightening about India and Captain Liddell-Hart far more frightening about the War Office. Astounding to each successive generation the immense, rhinocerous stupidity of soldiers. A small example. As late as 1925 Lord Haig was pleading for the retention of the horse on the ground of its superiority over the tank in war. However, enough tanks or not, Hitler is to learn that we cannot be bombed into submission, and that invasion, if attempted, is a bad proposition. What then? Liddell-Hart insists, even while the Blitzkrieg is on, that wars seldom end in clear-cut victories. We have been on the whole a militarily successful nation, yet how many of our wars have we won outright? This question ignores the nature of this war.

* * *

My own deduction from this is that it is a mistake to think of this war as a national dog-fight, though that is the shape it takes at the minute. To set one's heart on "Britain defeating Germany" is to court spiritual as well as material disaster. I never saw this case so well put as in the new half-crown Gollancz book, *A* 100,000,000 *Allies—if we choose*. The author, Scipio, is, I gather, as resolutely anonymous as Cato. No doubt he hopes that Messrs. W. H. Smith will be generous enough to help his sales, as Cato's were helped, by a bookstall ban. The argument of the book is familiar to any reader of this paper, but has been worked out by someone with more time for thought than a busy journalist. The 100,000,000 allies are all those people in Europe who have not in their hearts accepted the domination of the Nazis. They languish in British internment camps as well as in Nazi concentration camps; they resist, as free men will always resist, in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. There are something like a million political prisoners in Franco's Spain. Scipio explains how unable our authorities have been to understand that the choice is between disaster and the acceptance of anti-Fascists everywhere as our allies. He deals with the Home Office, which has allowed the Brass Hats to intern our friends, and the Foreign Office, which thinks only in terms of established and now often refugee governments, and the Ministry of Information, which has no propaganda policy to counter the social dynamic of the Nazis. The analysis of the reasons for Nazi success is the best yet written, and the upshot of the book is that the victory of freedom is possible if we can cease to think as nationalists and become the leaders of the European revolution. But when Scipio tries to sketch the shape of the new Europe, he becomes vague and scrappy. I should guess from internal evidence that he is an enlightened left-wing Conservative.

* * *

I happened to pick up another book last week-end which neatly capped the argument of Scipio—*Loss of Eden*, by Douglas Brown and Christopher Serpell (Faber, 7*s.* 6*d.*). Scipio shows how we can defeat Hitler; *Loss of Eden* prophesies what would happen, supposing we allowed a patched-up peace to be made. The story is told by a New Zealand journalist, covering Britain for a Wellington paper, and the events it describes are so appallingly life-like that I found it difficult to remember that I was only reading a "novel." *Loss of Eden* is not really a novel at all but a "cautionary tale," which foretells in precise detail the results of "Pétainism" to this country. First the rejoicings, mixed with a sense of guilt, then the growth of a British Fascist movement exploiting the post-war problems of unemployment and industrial dislocation. At first Britain seems much the same, with a free Parliament, elections and so on. Then the shadows begin to close as the Nazi grip tightens and then terror comes after an attempt on Hitler's life. The authors spare no one and make the story all the more telling by having no party-political axe to grind, and showing how horribly easy the whole process would be. If the Ministry of Information want to attack defeatism, they should distribute free copies of *Loss of Eden* throughout Whitehall and the country houses of England. But it is a bitter medicine, and I advise Scipio as a tonic to be taken afterwards.

* * *

When young Fabians and others ask me whether Scipio's tremendous programme can be achieved, I reply that I do not know, but that it is in any case the only thing a sane man can work for. The great difficulty is not the attitude of our rulers, obstacle enough though that is, but the inevitable apathy of the vast majority of people in this totalitarian world. The ordinary citizen had a unique opportunity in the nineteenth-century world because a mass rising in the streets of Paris or Venice could with luck produce a revolution. A man with a gun and a lot of determination was not so very far from being a soldier; sometimes the soldiers would fraternise with an angry population and then any change was possible. Marx, who saw that Napoleon was wrong in thinking that a whiff of grapeshot would dispose of the nineteenth-century mob, could not himself foresee the time when "mass-action" would be helpless against a few aeroplanes and tanks. Therefore, the vehicle of change in these days must be in the army, increasingly a citizens' army, and in the R.A.F., which is, I believe, thinking as well as fighting. A young airman I met the other day said to me: "I see that after the last war England just let the peace go hang and that the power at the end of this war may very likely be in the hands of people like me. My bother is that it is very hard to see how we are to have any very clear political ideas in our heads after years spent in fighting!" The answer is that if he and his friends are asking this now, they will in fact have ideas and, I believe, international ideas very powerfully in their heads when the war is over.

* * *

The Venerable Bede is one of those familiar far-off figures: we all know that he was the centre of a famous death-bed scene and wrote a chronicle which is important to historians. Beyond that, not having read Bede, we assume him to be unreadable. I gather from a friend, who has been browsing in the Loeb edition of his works, that this is a grave error. Amongst other intriguing facts my friend tells me that monasteries in Bede's days were mixed; the monks and nuns clearly led a much less austere life than I had supposed. Indeed, his account suggested to me that Bede was really the head of a sort of modern school. No doubt that is the origin of Bedales. In that case why don't the Old Boys and Old Girls of Bedales have the courage to call themselves Venerable Bedalians? CRITIC

MILLIONS OF MEN WITH TEASPOONS

TO-DAY most of the emphasis is on mobilising man-power, and yet we know that this war is really a question of machine power, with "man-power" translated into "will-power."

I watched a squad of the Home Guard digging a trench. They were all amateurs, in normal times probably employing gardeners to do their digging while they played golf or trimmed the roses. They were "going to it" with creditable gusto, but little appreciable result.

And I was reminded of the retort of Dr. Maude Royden to a man who pointed to a giant mechanical digger nonchalantly scooping up earth by the half-ton, and said: "If it wasn't for that machine there would be work for thousands of men with spades." "Or," countered Dr. Royden, "millions of men with teaspoons."

So, although I took off my hat (and, very nearly, my coat) out of respect for these H.G's, I measured their enthusiasm in teaspoons by comparison with a mechanical digger, which could have done the

job as easily as a navvy bites off a chaw of tobacco. It is just as well to remind ourselves and the " man for man " exponent, that if it were a matter of converting man-power into horse-power, it would have needed the entire male population of London to row H.M.S. Hood to Oran.

This is not an argument against these H.G's digging their trench, because if they had waited for a mechanical digger that trench would not have been dug yet. Nor is it an argument against the introduction into industry at this critical time of hundreds of thousands of men and women who will be employed on tasks which the technologist might say were redundant. In any emergency we must always turn to manual labour to do the job, until machine tools are there to replace it, as they invariably do. But making these machines requires highly skilled craftsmen, and they are scarce. The short-sighted industrial economy of the past twenty-five years—the neglect of the toolmaker and the discouragement of his craft—is answerable for that.

In a munitions factory recently I watched girls employed in sorting and selecting munition components. It was deadly dull routine work, and I was reminded of a similar team of girls in peacetime. They were in a mechanised bakery, where there was a highly efficient cake-making machine. The flour, the butter, fruit, spices and all the other ingredients were automatically measured out. The mixture was doled into the tins and the tins passed on a travelling band through an oven, from which the cakes emerged perfectly baked. The icing machine coated the cakes and piped a rough design on them. Then the cakes passed on to a team of girls, who monotonously lifted a cherry, a comfit or a piece of angelica and placed them on top. Each had her little pile of the particular ornament.

I remarked to the bakery engineer that this seemed to be a tedious job out of keeping with the machine set-up. He explained that mechanisation had displaced these girls from various departments, so that this job had been more or less retained for them until, as he said, " they got married or bored." Then they would be replaced by a mechanism. But labour-replacing gadgets take time to devise and to make, and at the moment the time and the craftsmen are not available.

The ingenuity of the engineer, however, never rests. He claims that whatever the hand can do the machine can do; even in extreme instances replacing the men who create it. He can make it, in terms of ingenious and intricate calculating machines, produce immediate results which would take trained mathematicians hours, perhaps days, to arrive at. The " Great Brass Brain " of America can instantly calculate the tides in any part of the world. The microphone has given the machine the power of hearing. The photo-electric cell has given it sight. There is even a device for recording taste, which gives out different notes for different degrees of sourness when it is used for testing fruit. Machines in industry have a sense of feel more sensitive than the living touch. The camera can memorise sights and the gramophone and blatterphone can memorise sounds more faithfully than the human brain.

One of the greatest of these " senses " of the machine is the photo-electric cell. Scientists can still remember when it was merely an amusing and neglected curio of the laboratory. To-day it is in practical use in over 150 diverse devices. The U.S.A. National Resources Committee set up by the Federal Government, which lists its applications in *Technological Trends*, said: " Silently into our lives is creeping a new technological brain—whose ultimate social import cannot be estimated. It is the photo-electric cell or ' elettric eye,' as it is popularly known."

In industry it is used for reversing rollers in steel mills; for controlling saws, furnace temperatures, smoke in steam stacks for detecting flaws in polished surfaces; opening doors; measuring water hardness; rejecting blunt razor blades; filling tooth-paste tubes; controlling moths in orchards; sorting fruit or cigars; counting motor cars passing off the production line, or over a bridge, or customers into a cinema; making astronomical measurements; or matching colours; or calipering steel parts. It even " clocks in " or " clocks out " honey bees from the hives.

It is the device in the " talkie " projectors, which converts the sound track into nasal Americanese or into Deanna Durbin's top notes. It enables photographs to be transmitted over telephone lines, or by wireless, so that America or Hong-Kong is only half an hour away from Fleet Street. It makes television possible.

In its safety uses it detects icebergs, guards jails by its unceasing vigilance over jail-breakers. It operates traffic signals and street lighting; it detects harmful fumes in tunnels. Workers in dangerous occupations are under its careful eye. It has only to wink and a safety shutter will separate the cashier in a bank from the " hold-up merchant."

For delicate grading purposes it replaces trained workers, whose eyes or touch may sometimes flag, by a mechanical attendant which is tireless and instantaneous. It rejects cigars which are too green. It measures tiny parts, or detects flaws in metals or other materials. It throws out the unripe apple which strays into the sorting machine with the red or casts aside with a speed which a human operator could not achieve, toffees or cans which the machine has forgotten to wrap.

Photo-cells never get sleepy, no matter how late they may have been the night before; their sense of colour is more accurate than the human eye. In the heat treatment of steel bars, in which temperature is so important, electric eyes will see that bars are removed from the furnaces as soon as they reach the desired degree of redness. When the paper breaks they warn the machine men in charge of newspaper presses, turning out the papers at the rate of 18,000 an hour. They will even stop the machine. As traffic policemen they are not susceptible to the charm of female drivers. They can be adjusted to operate traffic lines for horses but not for humans on bridle paths; they will open a garage door for an incoming car or, in the West End cafés, open the kitchen doors for the outgoing waitresses.

One of the most interesting uses of the photo-electric cell is its value to furriers in buying furs. These are bought by area, and their measurement used to be a complicated process. Now they are hung on a lighted screen and the photo-electric cell can measure their area exactly by calculating how much light is cut off by the irregular shape.

The electric eye depends upon the fact that certain chemicals are sensitive to light waves. When a ray falls upon them they give off a stream of electrons. Just as a jet of water from a hose completes an electric circuit when it contacts a live cable and often electrocutes firemen, so this jet of electrons completes or breaks a circuit which will initiate all kinds of electric processes. By means of it light can be transformed into electrical impulses. " Even an ultra-conservative estimate," says *Technological Trends*, " of the number of workers whose job could be done better and more economically by the photo-electric cell and associated equipment would be at least 250,000 in the U.S."

Another vital important accessory to industry is industrial X-ray, of which the layman has heard, as yet, very little. Industry has begun to realise the value of this tool. It uses it as a super-microscope in the study of materials in many industries from textiles to soap. X-rays are already applied to detect flaws in castings and welds, which otherwise would be invisible to the most expert inspector and which might easily cause loss of effort, of time, of money and even of life.

The cathode-ray oscillograph, " The Magic Bottle," is another tool to replace the skilled observer. The television valve is an example of " The Magic Bottle." It consists of a coating of fluorescent chemicals on the nose of the tube. In the neck of the tube is an " electron machine-gun." This aims a constant fusillade of electrons at the fluorescent screen. In the case of television synchronised signals manipulating the gun will rake the screen. It will build up a series of pictures so rapidly that it produces the sense of motion.

Among other uses, the oscillograph can be used to follow the track of a thunderstorm. A " Magic Bottle " up in Scotland records on the fluorescent screen the track and direction of atmospherics. A similar instrument in the south of England does the same. The two tracts are photographed by automatic cameras. The two photographs are then projected on to a map—the tracks are produced and the point of intersection is the focal area of the approaching thunderstorm, which may be somewhere over Eastern Europe.

Even the housewife knows as well as the industrialist the value of the thermostat which, ever vigilant, responds sensitively to variations of heat and will keep an oven at an even temperature far better than the most watchful cook.

Another fascinating gadget which may have far-reaching industrial and social applications is " Mr. Comfort," alias the Eupathoscope. This incredible device can reproduce mechanically the way in which the human body responds to heat, to draughts, to humidity and so on. And if necessary it can be adapted so that it adjusts the atmosphere of a room to the proper degree of comfort.

One of the big new developments is the study of " supersonics," the sound-waves which lie beyond the threshold of human hearing, just as ultra-violet or infra-red light waves are beyond the range of the human eye. It is common experience that certain animals are sensitive to sounds which are inaudible to humans, but the study of

supersonics goes even beyond this, and no one yet knows how far-reaching results of the study may be.

Supersonic sounds can produce remarkable effects. If you fill the cupped hand with oil and bring it in contact with the supersonic generator, sensations of heat and pain are experienced in the interior of the hand. Living tissue can be damaged by the waves. They can produce chemical changes. But in industry they have valuable possibilities in at least one direction. The waves cause the coagulation of suspended dust particles in the air. The result is the complete removal of dust from the atmosphere of a workshop.

People may call all these things gadgets, but as they are gradually incorporated in machine tools and industrial application they are bound to replace men.

At the moment, in response to the war effort, we can call upon great reserves of human labour to carry us through the immediate crisis. But the warning I want to give in this article is that as time goes on we will be mobilising Iron Men, with their gadget-senses as well. Machines will be created to do certain work automatically or more speedily, or more accurately, than the human workers, and then in terms of the war effort we shall see the process which has been going on since the last war. We shall see the wholesale recruitment of manual labour to meet sudden demands, the calling-in of auxiliaries in the form of specialised machines and then, if the war goes on for any time, a machine system at the end of it which will give headaches to those who have to devise ways and means of employing our industrial population and our millions now in uniform.

That is why, while necessarily and properly we are mobilising all available labour and speeding-up the production of machine tools, we should have a continuous stock-taking—a genuine Ministry of Reconstruction—watching developments and studying the post-war problems they will create.

Then this mighty war effort may be converted into human betterment.

RITCHIE CALDER

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Peter Mendelssohn.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

One of the things that we have learnt from refugee friends escaped from France (via machine-gunned roads, ditches, and the holds of ships) is that a knitwear suit is the most desirable of possessions.—Alison Settle in the *Observer*.

Not the least of the evils attendant on this war has been the removal of denominational signs from rural Nonconformist chapels. On a recent visit to the country I was shocked to find I had attended a Baptist chapel under the mistaken impression that it was Methodist. This should be remedied. My lifelong and instructive hobby, the study of the relative architectural incongruity of the various sects, has suffered from this measure.—Letter in the *Methodist Recorder*.

AN OPEN LETTER TO C. E. M. JOAD

MR. JOAD is so ostentatiously flattering to me in his Open Letter, so respectful in his manner and so representative in his matter, that I am bound to make some sort of reply to his questionings. In that reply it is unavoidable that one or two things I shall have to say may seem to reflect upon his standing as a professional philosopher and his right to pose as the penetrating Socratic questioner of unsound propositions. The necessity for a human élite clarifying and organising knowledge and the collective will is, as he realises, very present in my mind, and a large part of my thought has been given to it. It is an idea which dominates Chakhotin's *Rape of the Masses* also (a book well worth Professor Joad's attention), and I must break it to him that already another book on the possibility of assembling an élite for reconstruction, with the expressive title of *All Aboard for Ararat*, is in the press. I have a conviction that a new, ordered body of philosophy is emerging from our current mental conceptions, that the human mind is growing very rapidly out of certain ancient and fundamental errors of thought, and that a spreading and educational élite is not merely one of the probabilities of our time, but the only hope of our time. The fact that philosophy is a living contemporary thing never seems to have dawned upon Professor Joad's mind. I realised this very vividly when I read his *Outline of Philosophy*. He misses the significance of the long discussion between the One and the Many, between the Idea and the Individual Instance, between Deduction and Experimental Verification, between Realism and Neo-Nominalism, which began with Plato and ended with Galileo, Gilbert, the New Atlantis, the Royal Society, and the immense releases of the modern natural philosophies—which are commonly spoken of now as the natural sciences. This is the main theme of the progress of philosophy, and Professor Joad seems to be totally unaware of it. And since he does not think of philosophy as something that grows in scope and precision, as he thinks of it as a rambling story of "schools" and "systems," he is able to "disbelieve profoundly in this getting together of intellectuals all over the world" and to talk of "governments" as though they were strange, hostile things impervious to the mental processes around them. Traditions of government and complexes of vested interests may, I admit, be more or less antagonistic to the realisation of novel ideas. But that is a different thing. That is not an opposition of hard and fast things but of very sensitive and malleable processes in the human mind.

Professor Joad writes of "*scientists* coming together and salvaging our world," and for some reason he invokes God to help us—whether for or against these "*scientists*" is not clear. He does not seem to be aware that in *Nature* his word "scientist" has been taboo—because it means nothing definite whatever. That is something a Professor of Philosophy ought to understand. There are biologists, psychologists, geologists and so forth and so on, but the idea that there is a "scientist" *tout court* is a delusion of Professor Joad and the popular humorist. There is, however, a growing tradition of publication, of mental integrity and of sedulous interrogation and checking and verification, which is recognisable as the scientific spirit. That spirit spreads steadily into human affairs far beyond the original range of the Royal Society and the *Philosophical Transactions*, and it necessarily determines conduct. There is no set boundary between mental and practical conduct. That is why I am continually trying over the possibilities of this or that social type so far as it may contribute individuals and energy to this possible and necessary élite.

Mr. Joad accuses me of "putting out ideas" and then leaving it to others to "form the necessary organisations to realise them." But the "ideas" I put out are entirely concrete and practicable ideas. I have been working with a great number of other people to get a definite statement of what the democracies are fighting for. I am not, as Professor Joad calls me, the "author" of the projected "Declaration of Rights" I advocate. That is the product of a Committee directed by the able and experienced mind of Lord Sankey. We want it adopted by responsible political bodies. None of these endless damned little "organisations" and amateurs in "leadership" that waste the time and good intentions of people will lend a hand in that urgently necessary job. Then I do my best to map out a sane working project for an armistice that would give the world a breathing space. It is a definite project, not a vague idea. If Professor Joad knows of any way for getting that project into the heads and "policy" of Messrs. Churchill, Beaverbrook, Attlee, Bevin and Co., I shall be very glad to hear about it. What does he think I ought to do? Am I to go and fast to death on the doorstep of 10 Downing Street? Or collect halls full of parsons, old women and non-combatants generally, to pass resolutions about it? Or buy up some old periodical and make it into a new one to advance my "views"? People tell me they cannot get *The Common Sense of War and Peace* on the bookstalls. Shall I demonstrate against Messrs. Smith and Son at Charing Cross? Or collect a resolute band to seize and run the *Times* or the B.B.C.? Or march on Westminster? What practical "organisations" is Professor Joad himself forming to shame me for my aloofness? Will he explain?

H. G. WELLS

CURIOUS

How curious a place this excellent world has become! One is sitting in a semi-suburban train, at work on the morning's crossword puzzle, when, the train having stopped at a station, the guard puts his head in at the window and says "Carrying on, sir?" One asks what is the matter and he replies: "Air-raid warning. The train's going on, but we have to warn the passengers in case they don't want to go any farther." Now one has—or, rather, I have—no wish to be caught in a railway-train by an air raid, but neither have I any wish to be caught in a particularly unattractive railway station from which I might not be able to escape for hours. Hence one instinctively replies: "I'll go on."

The train—I must change the tense—moved slowly off into a world that looked so peaceful that you would have thought it was listening, not to the voice of the siren, but to the voice of the turtle.

It was almost—but not quite—impossible to believe that the bliss of summer could be broken into by anything more minatory than the song of a yellow-hammer or the lowing of a cow. At every station normally cheerful-looking people of both sexes and of all ages were getting into the train. At one station a young man came into my compartment and for a time he gazed eagerly out of the window as though looking for something in particular. Then he suddenly called to me, pointing to a fine new building: "Do you see that factory? A chap came into the pub last night and swore it had been bombed by the Germans. Looks all right, doesn't it?" I agreed, and added a platitude about rumour in wartime. Then came a strange banshee wail from the east. "Do you hear that?" said the young man. "The sirens." His eyes brightened as he looked up into the sky. "A rattling good day we had yesterday," he said. "Ah," I thought to myself, "how pleasant it will be to be in London, away from all this siren stuff!" And I let my imagination dwell tenderly on the drink I should have in the refreshment-room at the London terminus and on the lunch that would follow.

As I stepped out of the train, however, I knew that I was about to be disappointed. There was an unnatural hush in the air as when, a try having been scored at Twickenham, the crowd waits in silence for the kick at goal. More men than usual were walking about in metal helmets; and a porter told me that an air-raid warning had been sounded ten minutes before. I glanced towards the refreshment-room: it was closed. The bookstall was open as usual, however, and I bought an evening paper. For a moment I was afraid that I might be ordered to take shelter—a prospect abhorrent to me, since I suffer from claustrophobia, ochlophobia, and most of the other phobias, including even to some extent hydrophobia. Fortunately, however, there was no attempt to interfere with civil liberties. I walked out of the station unmolested, and, seeing a row of taxis, got into one of them and drove off to Fleet Street. I do not know what proportion of Londoners took cover; but many of the doorways were filled with spectators, and young men without hats were walking up and down the streets. We crossed a bridge, where other young men were leaning on the parapet and looking out towards the east. From a shelter, further on, I could hear the lustily-sung chorus of *Roll out the Barrel*. . . . It must have been nearly an hour—it felt like three—before I was able to get anything to eat or drink.

My work finished, I set out for the station again. A man with two tennis racquets who got into the compartment after me made the world look agreeably normal. I settled down in my corner to read more papers than any human being ought to read. After we had travelled a few miles, there was a dull thud to the west, and a passenger at the opposite window said: "An anti-aircraft shell. Look, you can see it." He pointed upwards to a small smoke-cloud which was dispersing itself in the air. The guard came along the corridor and told us to pull down the blinds. We did so, but the passenger who had first seen the smoke-cloud kept drawing his blind aside in the hope of seeing more. He kept imagining that he saw other things, and the man with the two tennis-racquets who, I gathered, was in the Home Guard, drew another blind aside to look out. "There's nothing more natural than curiosity," he said. I, who suffer from splinterophobia, kept my blind rigidly down. "Ah," I mused, "how pleasant it will be to be back in the cottage again, with the swallows flying over the pond and the cows sheltering under the willows and lashing at the flies, poor creatures, with their tails!"

On arriving at the cottage I looked at the swallows; I looked at the cows; and, being well satisfied, set off for the inn on the common. I was just finishing my drink when the landlord's small fair-haired son rushed in at the door shouting in joyful excitement: "Air raid! Air raid!"; and, outside, a man on a bicycle was riding past, blowing a warning whistle. As I made my way home, a group of children who had emigrated from London were prancing with delight, some of them throwing themselves into a hollow at the side of the road, playing at taking cover. At home I found a woman who boasted that she had seen an air-fight overhead while I was in the inn.

As nobody, old or young, was taking cover, and, as this air-raid business seemed worlds away, I sat down in a deck-chair to enjoy the calm of the evening. A few minutes later the wife of the man who looks after our garden came running to the gate to call her husband, who is in the Home Guard. "Action to-night," she said as she hurried past. When she was going out of the gate again, I asked her, "What has happened? Has the invasion begun?" How unnatural a place the world has become is shown by the fact that it seems quite natural to sit in a deck-chair on a summer evening and ask such a question. Soon men in the uniform of the Home Guard with rifles slung on their shoulders were appearing from all quarters on foot and on bicycles. The children were very happy. They threw pebbles at a wooden box in the pond to imitate machine-gun fire.

Saturday was a day of blessed peace, with a willow-wren singing a shadow of its April song in the garden; and Sunday began with a golden heat-wave. It was a morning created for a child's holiday. I went to the inn for the midday dinner, and, even before the first course had been brought, the father of three children at another table, who was looking out of a window, said: "Look, there's a man with a tin helmet and a gas-mask riding across the common and blowing a whistle. There must be a raid." "Well, what of it?" said another man, who was of his party; "why worry?" "I'm not worrying," said the father of the family, "but I thought it was an interesting thing to see." The man with the whistle passed the inn, blowing valiantly. The maid came in with the roast ribs of beef and the vegetables. "There's an air-raid," she said, "and Mrs. T."—the landlord's wife—"asks me to apologise for the potatoes. They all broke while they were being boiled and turned into a kind of mash." When I went into the bar afterwards, the landlord said, "Jerry's over." "You mean the raid's over?" I asked him. "No," he said, "he's overhead." An old bearded man, the sight of whom I love—for he carries a staff like Tannhaüser's and wields it, as he strides across the common, like a medieval pilgrim—shook his head with a chuckle and said: "Poor old Jerry! Poor old Jerry!"

As I walked home, I saw people drinking their after-dinner coffee on the lawn. After about half-an-hour a man on a bicycle rode past blowing long single blasts on a whistle and calling out "All clear" to the neighbours. But it had seemed all clear all the time.

This widespread lack of apprehensiveness on the part of English men and women living in places not directly bombed is put down by some people to want of imagination and ignorance of what war is like. That, I think, is an unreasonable explanation. The behaviour of the English, it seems to me, is the result partly of their traditional confidence in the superiority of their country and partly of their traditional philosophy which forbids them to meet trouble half-way. And so, while preparing against the worst, they are disinclined to prepare for the worst, and, even when war is brought near their doors, they preserve something approaching the equanimity of Horace's just man. As a nervous stranger among them, I confess I envy them this equanimity. It is one of the bright features of the more than curious time in which we live.

Y. Y.

COUNTRY NOTES

War in the Country

A NEW phrase has recently crept into the letters of friends and acquaintances living in some parts of England, Scotland and Wales. It varies little in the wording, and is clearly apologetic rather than boastful in intention. It runs: "You would scarcely believe, here, that a war is going on." Apologetic though the remark may be, it is slightly irritating to those who in a different "here" are daily made very well aware that a war is going on. "Things are very quiet up here," writes one of my correspondents; "an occasional plane comes over, but not much else." One hesitates whether to feel annoyed and envious, or superior and scornful.

On the whole one feels none of these things, but is merely interested to observe one's own attitude and that of the country people around one. There is a volume to be written on the subject, better left to Miss E. M. Delafield's pen than to mine. No doubt she has already been occupied for some time in taking notes; I hope so. For my own part I can record only the effect that war has on us down, not up, here. Meaning somewhere in Kent.

I should like the German war-lords to be swallows on the wires observing our panic-stricken rural population. The morning begins without interruption. One is allowed one's breakfast in peace. Then towards midday the local siren goes off, setting up its banshee plaint across the fields. The English genius for understatement has already given it various nicknames: Moaning Mollie, Wailing Winnie, Tiresome Timmy—it is interesting to note how persistent is the primitive instinct for alliteration. But its most descriptive nickname, to my mind, is "that thing." People engaged in their normal occupations of harvesting, hoeing, fruit-picking cock their ears for a moment to listen and then say, "There's that thing again," and then return to their ploy. "That thing," if it is ever honoured with a more specific name, is called the cyrene. Among the many wonderments provoked by this war, I wonder why so many people should pronounce siren as cyrene? Perhaps they are right and I wrong; but I cannot believe it.

We do not pay much attention to the cyrene in the country. It is just "that thing" to which we have become accustomed. Then the planes arrive. They fly overhead in a great flight like geese, and people looking up from the fields wonder vaguely whether they are Germans or ours. We then observe that one goose has become detached from the flight and that two fighters are tumbling round it in the summer sky. Machine-guns crackle. The goose wavers in its flight; it banks; it sinks; it is wounded; its great wings flag; we hear later that it has come down, ten miles away.

The only effect, apart from a pleasurable excitement among those on the ground, is that one gets into the habit of listening a little more carefully and of sniffing cautiously at any suspicious smell. When you are listening subconsciously all the time for the cyrene to go off you discover how many country sounds can bear a resemblance to that serviceable piece of mechanism. The bray of a donkey, the howling of a dog, the crow of a rooster, the purr of a threshing machine, all suffice to produce a momentary start of attention before they are dismissed for what they are. As for country smells, somebody very sensibly observed that they were so varied you couldn't possibly detect gas even if it were about, what with fertilisers and bonemeal and sulphur on the hops. Still, one sniffs.

Two remarks made to me last Sunday may serve to illustrate the attitude of panic-stricken Kent. One was made by the local air-warden, inquiring by telephone whether any bomb or plane had fallen in or near my garden. It was thought likely, and, if so, should be reported. When I reassured her she exclaimed, with real concern, "But surely you didn't miss the dog-fight? They were just like butterflies flying round each other, lovely to watch." Butterflies .... Well. The air-warden is a naturalist.

The other remark was of a more practical nature. We had just counted a third wave of forty bombers and fighters roaring past, leaving white streamers like the wake of ships across the blue. "Please, madam," said a quiet voice, "would you like luncheon out of doors?"

Bulbs

I noted a week or two ago in these columns that the sale of certain bulbs was to be restricted by an order of the Board of Trade until the requirements of the American market had been satisfied. This order has now been cancelled, and we are free once more to order what we please from our home firms.

In this connection, may I recommend the new Salonika variety of the old Madonna lily? It is certainly finer than the type and has the enormous advantage of being less liable to the disease which blackens *Lilium candidum* everywhere except, of course, in cottage gardens. I have never heard a satisfactory explanation of the cottager's immunity. Explanations are many, but none of them seems to fit all the facts.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

A LAST MINUTE LESSON FROM THE SPANISH POSTERS

THIS article will probably be written the wrong way round because it is based on posters, and posters propel one away from themselves, instead of, like pictures, calling one to them. Once, in an English pro-Spanish Republican magazine, posters were described as Shouts from a Wall. This is what they should be. If distinctly audible, and especially if they are War Shouts from a Wall, the mind flies off with their various messages, and leaves them behind. This is what they should accomplish.

I can only pray that some responsible, intelligent representative of the Ministry of Information, or of Home Security, finds his way to the present exhibition, "Republican Spain at War," at Marx House, Clerkenwell. John Banting's offer to take a selection of the posters (four admirable examples of which are published in the September *Horizon*) to the M. of I. was politely refused, but perhaps the actual sight of them might alter matters.

There is only one poster with English words. It was made by the Republic for English consumption, and consists of the photograph of a murdered child with a background of Junker bombers. Underneath, are these words: "If you tolerate this, your children will be next." Well, we did, and they are. Travelling out of London by train on Sunday, I noticed a suburban street with some damaged roofs; there was no raid on, and then, as I was looking at them, the house at the end of the street suddenly blew up. A delayed bomb. The Nazis, moreover, are now trying to penetrate the central London area. In short, the moment has now been reached when no one can deny the possibility of the increasingly intensive bombing, and machine-gunning, of the *people* in their own streets. The question is, how are the people going to stand up to it, if it comes, and who and what will help them? I am here primarily concerned with the problems of psychological, not physical, defence, and will therefore only mention one aspect of the latter. We have ignored the lesson of Barcelona, and we possess practically no deep shelters, such as Professor Haldane advocated. This is a "physical" scandal defying description, but it is also something which makes the problem of maintaining civilian morale infinitely more precarious than it might have been. So far, the excellent morale of this country is entirely due to the prodigious feats of the R.A.F., but it is hardly reasonable to expect them to take on the protection of minds as well as of bodies. This responsibility is solely the Government's. Where is there visible evidence that it is being undertaken? Where, on the hoardings, or in the newspapers, do we see any serious efforts, such as were unceasingly made by Republican Spain, to encourage, explain, educate and exhort? It may be argued that the English have no need of being treated "like Spanish peasants." The answer to that is to be found in the references to June, alone, in the Penguin *Science in War*. First, in early June, more than a third of the population had done nothing about A.R.P. in their own homes. Secondly, June 1st was given as the final date by which new ration books could be applied for, and a quarter of the population did not apply.

> Faced with such bewildering apathy, administrators blame the people themselves, and say they are stupid. You might as well say that a soldier crushed by a tank is soft. Doing so does not help. The only thing that will is to use the techniques that exist to deal with such difficulties.

One thinks of the "technique" employed until now for official war posters, press advertisements, and leaflets. There was the first huge, expensive red poster, underlining the division between the public and the Government, "*Your* courage, etc., will bring *Us* victory." There was the fantastic poster of a civilian with a vast shield, his wife and child cowering unhelpfully in the background. A recent newspaper article said that the women of this country had "laughed it off the hoardings," and I hope they have. Then there are the "Lend to Defend, etc.," posters, and all the innumerable advertisements issued by the National Savings Committee. Necessary though they may be, these appeals for money, and the sacrifice of holidays, etc., play a greatly exaggerated rôle in the Government's visual propaganda, occupying nearly all the space taken. Only a small proportion of persons in this country have any money to lend, and these are precisely the ones who are blindest, and sometimes kindest, to the idea of a Nazi victory: it should constantly be explained to them, in posters, what this victory would mean. Lastly, there are the dry, rather hectoring, leaflets like "Stay Where You Are"; it was one of these that contained the celebrated piece of advice about parachutists, in which three statements were plainly pure wish-fulfilments. Apart, in fact, from the Food Ministry's "Food Facts" advertisements, which are sensible, reassuring and contain useful recipes, there are no posters of any kind which try to solve ordinary people's *difficulties*; no attempt to rationalise their fears, fantasies and daily worries.

As *Science in War* discreetly says, concerning a possible invasion:

> It is perfectly clear . . . that in no circumstances can the authorities allow . . . those hopeless mass evacuations. . . . It is equally clear that the authorities themselves will be so much occupied that they could not forcibly prevent a million people streaming out of a city. The only method of control is therefore intellectual. It seems doubtful whether the authorities are taking all the necessary steps, etc.

It may be too late now for any wide application of the social sciences to the final tests that are coming, but let us hope that posters stressing at least the following few and simple points will reach the public. Among the Spanish posters exhibited is one issued by the U.G.T., representing a giant steel-helmeted head; this head is a brilliantly coloured composite of the flags of all the provinces and parties of Republican Spain. In England to-day we have allies—devoted democrats—who, for propaganda purposes, are as good as ignored. Fighting at our side are French, Poles, Czechs, Dutch, Norwegians, Belgians, Germans, Austrians, and the men from the Colonies. Why not a nation-wide poster extolling the *international* aspect of our struggle, demonstrating clearly and vividly that the defence of England is still the defence, and the last defence, of Europe? Then there are many Spanish posters showing soldiers and civilians together, emphasising their interdependence. The Ministry of Supply's advertisements of housewives handing old bones to soldiers are, in comparison, jokes. (The facetious type of propaganda and the gentlemanly restrained should stop, now; it cuts no ice at the time, and becomes a double-edged sword later.) Instead, there should be a poster, based on one of the Spanish ones, containing heroic but recognisable portraits of a member of the fighting forces, a Home Guard, an A.R.P.

worker, a farm labourer, an industrial worker, a black-coated worker, a uniformed woman, and a civilian woman—all together, with a violent, unifying slogan underneath. Apart from these we should have versions of the Spanish anti-Fascist posters. The Government should combat that sneaking admiration that many people have for the Nazis and their as yet successful power-politics. It is my belief that most people in England have no conception who and what they are really fighting. Far too many imagine that they are dealing with marvellously efficient patriots. Posters should go up everywhere to bring home the fact that the Nazis are supremely *anti*-patriotic; that they are war and power mad, by their very nature, and care not a snap more for their countrymen than for us. It should be plastered over every London street that Germany has been enslaved by a faction consisting of insanely ambitious, boundlessly corrupt, bottomlessly inhuman nihilists who are superbly organised only because the laws and natural rights which might interfere with that organisation are hateful to them. All this can be proved—in pungent, comprehensible posters and leaflets. There are facts available (at the Department of Overseas Trade) which demonstrate that instead of making Germany richer and healthier, the Nazis have done the opposite. Again, the suicide rate has been rising for years. Put that on the hoardings. Photograph English children that are bombed or machine-gunned; combine it with a picture of Hitler patting a Bavarian baby's head, and subtitle it with one of his numerous remarks about the idiotic gullibility of the masses. In Spain, because it is the best kind, they began their war with such propaganda—not "difficult" or highbrow, but direct, serious, understandable and unanswerable—and now that their war has come to us, here, we shall have to adopt it for the same reason.

If civilisation depends on the defeat of the Nazis, and if this *is* a People's War, as the Government claims—show the People why.

BRIAN HOWARD

WHAT WILL *HE* DO NEXT?

By REAR-COLONEL CONNOLLY

As far back as 1873 I was advocating a small highly mechanised striking force to be employed in "expanding torrent" tactics, i.e. "deep infiltration." The War Office paid no attention. Clausewitz did. "Dear Captain Connolly," he wrote, "I have read *The Lesson of Omdurman* with interest, and was most impressed by your definition of Peace." [Peace, I had written, is a morbid condition, due to a surplus of civilians, which war seeks to remedy.] In my *Lesson of Norway* (April, 1940) *Lesson of the Bulge* (May, 1940), and *Lesson of Britain* (in preparation) as well as in this series of fifteen articles, I have consistently advocated the same principles. "A defensive force," I wrote in 1884, "should be in a certain ratio to an offensive force, depending on (*a*) the size of the offensive force, (*b*) its striking power." For that force to become an offensive-defensive force the ratio will have to be considerably higher. How can I explain this to the non-military mind? I think it can best be expressed by a formula. Invasion = The incidence of men and material on hostile or unfriendly territory where that incidence is of sufficient impact to do permanent or semi-permanent damage to military objectives. Thus incidence of material without man-power (air-raids) or of man-power without material (parachutists) do not in themselves constitute invasion. Will, in this sense, an invasion be forthcoming? Certain it is that some such step has been contemplated. We can, in fact, state the problem as follows:

(1) Will Hitler invade us?

(2) Will that invasion be successful?

(3) If not, will some countermove be made in the Mediterranean or the Far East?

(4) Or will both (1) and (3) or some variation of them be attempted?

To all these questions we may answer, categorically, yes and no. What we can be certain of is that the attack, when it does come, will attempt to take us by surprise, either in the time chosen, or the place, or the means, and that in any eventuality I shall be ready with my article. A study of the map will reveal that the situation, if not grave, is at least critical. Nevertheless it must constantly be pointed out to the lay mind that (1) for every tactical danger there is a strategical *quid pro quo*. (2) Retreat is an advance in a reverse direction*. As I understand the position, and taking into account what we know of Hitler's previous moves and what may be termed his psychostrategical make-up, there will be an element of bluff. Thus either the main attack is on these islands (England, Ireland, Iceland, etc.) or elsewhere—it is no good, if it is elsewhere, keeping all our forces at home, it is no good sending them elsewhere if it is here.

Which of these alternatives will be adopted? Which will be, if adopted, feints? The answer is that, since a feint will hardly follow the main attack, *the first offensive* in point of time will be a feint and destined, if here, to prevent our troops being sent elsewhere; if elsewhere, to get them away from here. Should the offensives open simultaneously a further elucidation, in a new series of articles, will be necessary. What can be told now by those of us whose training enables us to dominate military events is that, should Hitler invade us at a moment when thick fog, high tides, and bright moonlight are in conjunction (and these moments only occur once in three weeks), he would meet with very serious difficulties, which only the possession of new "secret weapons" would enable him to surmount. Such weapons as he is known to possess, an undetectable new gas which puts you all to sleep for a fortnight, after which you wake up raving mad, an artificial fog of enormous dimensions, a channel tunnel, a fleet of *stationary* planes, and a key to the Great Pyramid, are sufficient to produce total annihilation, but that would hardly amount to annexation in a military sense. As a fellow strategist remarks in his book, printed as long ago as 1939:

> The war was born under strange stars . . . it will end suddenly: and the manner of its ending will prove for all time the vanity of human anticipations. . . . It will be a very short war or last for longer than the three years visualised by politicians. . . . It started with the invasion of Poland, and it will finish with the invasion of some other country after a decisive sea-action. The frontier of no country in Europe can be regarded as safe. (R. H. Naylor, *What the Stars Foretell for* 1940, Hutchinson, 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Meanwhile there are three questions, arising out of invasion, which I am constantly asked, and which I will now reply to:

I. *How to stop a tank.*

Most of you who have had no experience of stopping tanks will have had some of shooting elephants. A tank is simply an armoured elephant. In every group of tanks there is a leading tank, whose signals are obeyed by the others; if the leading tank is trapped, the others will "come quietly." The best elephant trap was a large pit over which branches were laid. For a tank trap it is only necessary to remove the paving stones outside your house (borrow a wheelbarrow from the man next door) and dig a pit some forty feet wide by twenty deep. Place a sheet of wire netting over the road, cover it with cardboard or brown paper, and a top dressing of asphalt. Your trap is made. If you are lucky enough to live near a blast-furnace, borrow some sheets of eleven-inch steel, solder them with a blower's lamp, and lean them up supported by a prop over the water-hole; when the tank comes down to drink, pull the prop away, or, if you are very close, insert a knitting-needle into the tank's most vulnerable spot, the back-ratchet. But remember, nothing will really stop a tank except another tank going in the opposite direction, and these should be left to the competent military authority.

II. *What further safety measures do you advise?*

The greatest danger to the military in wartime is the civilian, because he is not subject to military discipline; a moving civilian is even more dangerous—he is anarchy in two places at once and doubly suspect. I therefore advocate a permanent daytime curfew and night-time lock-up for civilians with an internal passport system for those whose deployment is essential. The internal passport would include reports on the civilian from his school, university, employer and bank manager, and the visa to move about would be granted, if at all, by a military policeman.

III. What will He do next? For that I must refer to my subsequent article: *Pros and Cons of Invasion.*

* Fabius Cunctator: *Manual.*

NEWS OF SUFFERING

SHOULDERING a way through crowds,
Or brooding with the dance of leaf
Delightful on the sunlit page,
I freeze in grief

For trees that will not bud in Spring
Now murder drags faith from its bed,
And the potential serpent coils
In the stern head,

But know my sorrow will not ease
Eyes empty in the last despair:
For me now are the claws of love
And the sick prayer.

CLIFFORD DYMENT

THE MOVIES

"Northwest Passage," at the Empire
"The Boys from Syracuse," at the Leicester Square
"The Case of the Frightened Lady," at the New Gallery

Long films from historical novels are in fashion. *Gone With the Wind*, belying its title, lasted three and a half hours; *Northwest Passage* is content with a little over two, but is ominously marked "Part 1, The Rangers." Those of us who have not revelled in historical fiction at the best of times — it lets loose the costumier and the master of the periphrastic phrase—may wonder why the past should so often be made interminable. The length of *Northwest Passage*, I am glad to say, is not due to any opulent digging up of "period" (we are at the end of the eighteenth century); after a deceptive start, when it looks as though the usual panorama of early settlers is being worked up, the film straightens out into a plain narrative of irregulars on the march across unexplored country. Spencer Tracy as the legendary Major Rogers leading his men on a punitive expedition against the Indians has dreams of mapping a north-west passage, and the realisation of that adventure remains, one imagines, for Part II. As it is, *Northwest Passage* combines the thrills of warfare and exploration with quite exceptional force. One goes expecting a boys' film with an A certificate, and is surprised to find a good deal more. The detail of forced marches, iron rations and guerilla tactics is admirably conveyed. As the expedition crawls on across lakes, rivers and wooded hills, with stragglers given a chew of tobacco and left to die, with hunger threatening even more than the presence of French or Indians, the length of the film is justified, for if it were shorter the cumulative effect would be less. What surprises is the touch of reality: when at last the little company emerges on a hillside overlooking the Indian town they are to attack, we are made to feel the gasp of relief—"thalassa!"—mingled with the strain of going into battle. And Mr. Tracy is as impressive as ever at the head of this anabasis. Even the Indians, with half-shaven skulls and smears of paint, are, for once, convincing. *Northwest Passage*, in fact, marks an advance towards realism in adventure stories, and the producer may have been alarmed by some of the effects he was getting, for he has put the whole film into colour. Whites of eyes shine out from coppery skins, a joint of beef roasting before a fire drips rouge, the trees have been bathed in creme de menthe. No doubt it is the best that colour-film can do, but one wishes that this lavishness could be restricted to the *Blue Birds* and *Bagdads* where it belongs. It is too plainly an answer to the call of the Wurlizer.

The Boys from Syracuse is a version, in swing-time, of *The Comedy of Errors*. To enjoy it properly you must be tickled to death by the spectacle of classical draperies shaken to hot jazz, a Græcian pressing the keys of a cash register, chariots hailed as taxis, Ionic pillars and transatlantic accents. After a while the anachronism wears thin. The comedy of two pairs of identical twins means that both the hero (Allan Jones) and the chief comedian (Joe Penner) appear twice as often as necessary. If you can survive this, there are some good jokes about dictatorship, and the Duke (Charles Butterworth) is persistently and delightfully pained by his escort of trumpeters. But the whole thing never really works loose. It's not half mad enough. Even the Ritz brothers could do it better.

Edgar Wallace's *The Case of the Frightened Lady* was better as a play—when it had the advantage, too, of Emlyn Williams in the chief part. But if the leisurely tradition in detective thrills can still hold its own, this British film has its points. The acting, particularly of Felix Aylmer as an unpleasant doctor, is competent and staid, with the usual emphasis on class differences; though when Scotland Yard interviews the peerage we rather miss the tactics of that brilliant mixer of accents, Gordon Harker. Some compensation is provided by a tremendous one-eyed footman. The student of architecture in mystery films will relish here baronial halls in which obviously only the worst can happen.

At the Cameo, Charing Cross Road, by the way, early Chaplin is being shown. *Charlie at the Show* revives an evening-dress Charlie, tipsy as a rat, and shuttled to and fro among the fauteuils of a music-hall. In the gallery, always on the point of falling over with a Rowlandson abandon, there is, I think, Chester Conklin.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Les Patineurs" and "The Gods Go A-Begging," at Sadler's Wells

Les Patineurs was one of the Vic-Wells Ballet's casualties in Holland, where it was last performed three hours before the German invasion. What strange memories must be interwoven for the dancers with its gay and glittering winter scene . . . and for the conductor, Constant Lambert, to whom has fallen once more the arduous task of reassembling the orchestral score. Unlike *Façade*, which underwent a scenic change and corresponding modifications and additions to the choreography, when its losses in Holland were made good, *Les Patineurs* appears exactly as before, though more sparkling from its new rehearsal and from the brilliant performance of Alan Carter as the star skater, which justly received a great ovation. It was the first time we had seen him in this part, for which his perfect figure and admirable technique conspicuously fit him. We first noticed his unusual quality in the seldom seen *Harlequin in the Street*, which contains nevertheless some of Ashton's subtlest choreography. As the Rake he was disappointing, which is only to say that he as yet shows no sign of the dramatic talent which makes Robert Helpmann supreme in the part. In *Les Patineurs* he is really dazzling.

An air-raid deprived us of the beginning of *The Gods Go A-Begging*, of which one can ill spare a note. This perfect music has not yet been fitted with a perfect choreography. It was, however, very delicately danced; John Hart and June Brae were charming as the deities in disguise, and in the Tamborino the eight black lackeys, among them Margaret Dale and Bunty Kelley, danced their "droll measure" with amusing agility and excellent ensemble. The Vic-Wells Ballet continues to play to full houses. In spite of the gradual calling-up of its male dancers and the reduction of numbers and recasting which this involves, it maintains its high standard of programmes and production, and there are rumours of another new ballet before the season ends.

Intimate Opera at the Mercury
Florence Austral at the Neighbourhood

The trio of trios, in the Mercury Theatre's second programme of "intimate opera," represents the tunefulness of the nineteenth, eighteenth and seventeenth centuries: *The Bachelor's Bond* (music by Offenbach), Dibdin's *The Grenadier*, and a piece which has been rather misleadingly advertised in the daily press as "Purcell's *Don Quixote*." Naive but delicious tunefulness and naive humour are the common factors of all three. In the first two they are indeed the only factors; the *Don Quixote* scene, despite its slightness, goes a little deeper. Purcell's music matches the tragedy as well as the comedy of the hero. Only: let no one visit the Mercury Theatre in the expectation of seeing "Purcell's *Don Quixote*." It would be not untrue to say there is no such work. In 1694 Purcell and John Eccles wrote some songs and incidental music for the first two parts of D'Urfey's burlesque, *The Comical History of Don Quixote*, the greater master's share including one of his most tremendous bass songs, "Let the dreadful Engines," sung by Cardenio "in a wild posture"; the following year, when the success of D'Urfey's skit had produced a sequel, Purcell wrote for this third part a song for Altisidora, "From rosy Bow'rs"—according to the *Orpheus Britannicus*, "the last Song that Mr. Purcell Sett, it being in his Sickness." That is all. Neither Altisidora nor Cardenio plays any part in the Mercury piece, and D'Urfey only the smallest possible. What we are given instead is a pastiche of some of Purcell's most delightful and least-known music, delightfully sung by Geoffrey Dunn (a pathetic, if not tragic Don), Frederick Woodhouse (Sancho) and Winifred Radford (Maritornes). The same three expert performers display the humours of Offenbach and Dibdin. They are a very pretty team, and if Mr. Dunn's voice is not quite a match for the other two in the ensembles—well, he produces, and designs the costumes, and "arranges and adapts" Dibdin, and writes the libretto for Purcell, and does it all very well. For anyone who enjoys first-rate tunes well sung there could be no pleasanter summer evening's entertainment than this little Mercury show.

Probably the wailing of the sirens earlier in the afternoon was responsible for the small audience at Florence Austral's *Lieder* recital at the Neighbourhood Theatre on Sunday afternoon. The latest manifestation of German culture and the earlier manifestations of Schubert, Brahms, Wolf, Joseph Marx, and Strauss were at cross-purposes. Unfortunately, Miss Austral's choice of an English group did little to support our own national prestige; one suspects she is a little out of touch with the best of our modern song-writing. Too often a powerful dramatic soprano singing *Lieder* is apt to suggest the traditional steam-hammer cracking nuts, and once or twice—at the climaxes of "Verborgenheit" and Brahms's "Liebestreu"—Miss Austral did, to mix similes, allow her interpretation to get badly out of focus. But her singing of "Traum durch die Dämmerung," for instance, was beautifully controlled and her voice, though slightly past its prime, retains its brilliance.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, August 24th—
- Last week of Fabian Summer School, Dartington Hall. Speakers include E. F. M. Durbin, Victor Gollancz and R. H. S. Crossman.
- Mass Demonstration for Civil Liberty and the Defeat of Fascism, Central Hall, 2.15 and 6.30. Adm. 1s. for each session.

SUNDAY, August 25th—
- Special Charity Performance of "The Great Victor Herbert," in aid of General Jewish Hospital in Jerusalem, Cinephone Cinema, Oxford Street, 2.20.
- The Czech Trio, Neighbourhood Theatre, 3.15.

MONDAY, August 26th—
- Opening of Carl Rosa Season, People's Palace.

TUESDAY, August 27th—
- "Cornelius," Westminster.

WEDNESDAY, August 28th—
- Song Recital by Myra Verney, Institut Français, 5.
- Circle of International Art Concert, St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, 8.
- "Outward Bound," New.

THURSDAY, August 29th—
- Ivor Montagu: "How Socialism Was Won in Russia," Friends House, Heath Street, 8.

FRIDAY, August 30th—
- Federal Union Conference, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Till September 2nd. Speakers include W. B. Curry, C. E. M. Joad, Karl Mannheim and Barbara Wootton. Particulars from 44 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

Correspondence

WAR STRATEGY

SIR,—In his speech in the House of Commons on August 20th Mr. Churchill said "our offensive springs are being slowly compressed, and we must resolutely and methodically prepare ourselves for the campaigns of 1941 and 1942." A week earlier Mr. Eden in a broadcast address (August 14th) declared that "for us the real war will begin when we take the offensive and strike home at the enemy. That is the way wars are won and that is what we mean to do." It is implicit in these remarks that the Government intends to raise an enormous army, transfer it to the Continent and there defeat the enemy decisively in battle. We have as yet no indication of the total number of divisions contemplated. By the end of the last war the B.E.F. attained to some sixty-five, including those of the Dominions. Suppose that between us we could now raise a hundred, the number demanded recently in a speech at Plymouth by Mr. Hore-Belisha, who presumably knew that it could be reached. It is scarcely conceivable that the aim could be much higher than that. Even so, what hope is there of turning a general inferiority in the European theatre of approximately 1 to 2½ (since Hitler and Mussolini are credited with having between them some 260 divisions) into a local superiority of 3 to 1, which is the ratio generally accepted as necessary if an offensive is to have any chance of success?

But there is a prior question, that of disembarking a force on the Continent. So long as France remained in the war we had secure overseas bases where we could land, concentrate and deploy our armies. But how and where are we to land in Europe to-day? Nothing would be easier for the Germans than to prepare demolitions at every port we might conceivably try to seize, so that when the occasion arose they could put any of them out of action for months. We were able to take off the men of the last Expeditionary Force from open beaches, but to land another we must have the use of ports. Moreover, on landing, the force must throw out covering troops on a semi-circular front, which is about the weakest of all dispositions and especially vulnerable to counter-attack. With the North Sea and Channel ports all in the possession of the enemy, the task of keeping open the sea communications of the force would be infinitely more difficult than it was the last time we undertook to do it. And these are only a few of the difficulties that would confront us.

Before the Government proceeds any further with its programme of raising scores of fresh divisions, I suggest that it makes two simple demands of its expert advisers: (1) a scheme for securing the use of one or more Continental ports (several would in fact be needed) and showing how thereafter an Expeditionary Force could be landed and maintained; (2) a considered statement giving the strength, composition, equipment and armament of a force estimated as required to achieve decisive victory over the enemy force that might be opposed to it. As I do not think that satisfactory responses to these demands are possible, I cannot think they have been made.

Be that as it may, it is indisputable that we are involving ourselves in an effort of stupendous proportions which is quite distinct from and additional to the still more vital effort we must make by sea and air to keep open our trade routes (as to the strain of which in the narrow seas we have had ample evidence in the last few days) and to maintain the blockade of Europe. It is additional also to that required to protect our ports, munition works and cities from enemy attack and to intensify continuously our bombing of corresponding objectives. Are we capable of sustaining both?

The financial aspect of the question is no less important. Our resources in foreign investments and gold fall far below what we shall need to pay for essential food supplies, plus the raw material required for our munition works, plus the enormous orders for aeroplanes, tanks, etc., placed in America. According to a recent press report, we are now ordering 4,000 tanks at a cost of £50 million. Nor can the gap be seriously reduced by any conceivable development of our export trade. And on top of all this we are at the present moment, thanks to the ineptitude of the interim Budget, already launched on the glassade of inflation.

Until France surrendered there seemed to be, broadly speaking, a choice between two methods on which we might ultimately rely for seeking victory: to destroy either the enemy's fighting front by direct action, or his home front by indirect action. The alternatives did not enjoy equal popularity. Most authorities thought that indirect action could never prove decisive, but it would no doubt be useful as an adjunct. That is obviously the official view still. But, if we are to look the facts squarely in the face, only the second alternative is now open to us and its success is being gravely imperilled by the colossal effort involved in the raising of a huge expeditionary force which we shall be quite unable to use effectively when we get it.

Evidently this war is going to develop into a contest of endurance and it behoves us therefore to conserve our resources to the utmost if we want to stay the course. Our need is for ships to tighten the blockade and aeroplanes without end so as continuously to extend the scope and intensity of our bombing raids. We require export trade developed to the fullest possible extent. Under these three heads we must distribute our available man power and other resources. The Government persistently refuses to define our peace aims, contending that it is useless to do so until the war is won and the conditions then prevailing in Europe are known. But this entirely overlooks their essential value as propaganda in helping to win it. Germany has backed Hitler because he has been continuously successful. Let doubt arise in German minds as to his ultimate victory and there will inevitably arise a party anxious to be in on the right side, if and when he and his gang are destroyed. In order to precipitate this cleavage, in order too to rally to our side the downtrodden masses within Germany and the subject peoples without, a constructive scheme for the new Europe we intend to build is needed—one which avoids inflicting humiliation on a new Germany and, on the contrary, invites her co-operation. This point cannot be developed here, but its importance is obvious once our main object becomes to undermine German resistance. As with one hand we hem her in and smash at her from the air with ever increasing violence, we must hold out to her with the other a promise of a better world.

This may not seem an attractive way of winning the war. It certainly lacks the heroic touch inherent in the sacrifice of countless thousands of our youth on the battlefield. It is the game of attrition played with scientific calculation. Moreover, it is the only way still open to us. To proceed as we are now proceeding is to court disaster through falling between two stools. CLIVE GARSIA

Army and Navy Club.

[We comment elsewhere on this letter, but would make two observations here on Colonel Garsia's argument. (1) He leaves out of account the policy of the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. (2) Even if we adopt a revolutionary strategy, it must culminate in a military offensive. Just as military strength by itself cannot win this war, so revolutionary propaganda and conspiracy are by themselves insufficient for victory.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

REFUGEES

SIR,—The undersigned artists, painters and sculptors, at present interned in Hutchinson Camp, Douglas, I.O.M., would like to appeal urgently to all our British colleagues and friends. It is only too well known that we have left our homes and our countries as our persons as well as our work were greatly endangered there. We came to England because we believed that here we would find that liberty again which we had lost, and because we saw in her the last bulwark, the last hope of Democracy in Europe.

Instead of this we, whose only wish was to join all our efforts to hers, have been placed behind barbed wire. We were taken from our studios, and we are now here for an indefinite period of time. It is largely a matter of indifference to us whether we must submit to hardships in a greater or lesser degree—but we do not want to lose contact with the world outside. We want to create something that lives, something that perhaps, beyond the bounds of war, could be of the greatest use to this country. This has always been the mission of Art. Art cannot live behind barbed wire—whatever attractive pictures of life in an Internment Camp may have been painted by some newspapers. The tension under

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which we live here, the feeling that a great injustice has been done to us, the restlessness created by living in such close community with thousands of persons, the situation in which our wives and children are, from whom we have had no news for weeks, and the uncertainty as to the fate of works begun by us, which may since have been put into some cellar to moulder there, prevent all work and creative thought.

We ask our British colleagues and friends and all those interested in Art to help us. Please see that we have a fair chance for release. The "White Paper" makes provision for all sorts of classes—agriculturists and food producers, dentists and scientists—only the artists have, as is so often the case, been forgotten. Apparently we are not needed.

Please bring your influence to bear on the Advisory Committee and restore to us—all refugees from Nazi oppression—the one thing no artist can live and work without: FREEDOM.

E. Müller Blensdorf, Kurt Schwitters, Ernst Schwitters, Siegle Charoux, Paul Hamann, Fritz Kraemer, Hermann Rössler, C. Felkel, Fred Uhlman, Erith Kahn, Hubert Markievicz, F. Salomonski, Eric E. Sterz, Scory Ehrlich, Hellmuth Weisserbonn, H. Felhenbach, Fritz Krämer.

SIR,—The question raised in your issue of 17th August, 1940, "Refugees" or "Prisoners of War" or "Criminals," cannot be answered by a mere reference to the Convention of 1938 and the appointment of a High Commissioner now resident in London. The question involved in the title to the article is part of the problem of "unprotected people." In the terms of International Law such persons are defined as refugees not enjoying either in law or in fact the protection of the Government of their country of origin.

The answer to the question is as follows:—

(1) The League of Nations has considered it a primary task to arrange emigration and immigration, to protect from deportation refugees once accepted in a country of refuge, and to achieve the definite settlement of refugees wherever the possibility existed. The League has accepted a limited responsibility for the political and legal protection of certain classes of refugees needing assistance, but it has never adopted a general charter treating refugees as persons with rights of protection and representation.

(2) The Convention of 1938, inaugurated by the League, provides certain regulations regarding the treatment of unprotected persons as *objects*, but does not give them legal claim for protection and representation as *subjects*.

The High Commissioner was the executive officer entrusted with the task to protect refugees, but he is not their representative.

(3) To sum up: the pre-war international agreements with regard to refugees left their treatment with the exception of a few express provisions to the benevolence of the Governments which gave them asylum.

As a result of the war the legal treatment of refugees now resident in Great Britain, who came from countries with which Great Britain is now at war, or which have been occupied by the enemy, has become a problem demanding rapid solution which appears possible only by the adoption of a new conception.

The belligerents of to-day cannot be designated in terms of nationality as in previous wars; they are joined by the common ideals for which they are fighting. The free persons who share the British war aims in the fight for liberty are spread all over the world and may even live in Germany and Italy. The fate of all these people depends on England's victory. If refugees in this country, whose allegiance has been established, should enlist in all spheres of the war effort, they have to be united not as mere individuals but as a community with legal status and recognised authority for their representation.

The legal status of "unprotected persons" must differ from the status of a "protected person." The protected citizen, having acquired his legal status, either by birth or by origin, usually retains it until his death. The new status of an unprotected person results from the loss of his legal status as a protected person, and terminates by repatriation or naturalisation. It is, therefore, necessarily a *temporary* status. This temporary status entails not only the granting of rights, but also the acceptance of duties by the persons concerned.

The recognised authority for the protection and representation of unprotected persons should be entrusted to a British institution, established by the British Government, and staffed with British officials. The primary task of this institution should be to organise its members in the work for the war effort, according to the requirements of the British Government.

After the war the problem of unprotected persons will still remain. The British institution, therefore, should be the seed for the fertile idea to give unprotected people a temporary legal status everywhere.

KURT LACHMANN
ERWIN H. LOEWENFELD

25-26 Hanover Square,
London, W.1.

COSTING

SIR,—I feel that the following subject is of sufficient importance to merit your time and space.

As you are probably aware a costing clause is inserted in most "Ministry of Supply" contracts, but it is my opinion that at the present time the administration is making little or no effort to prove the costs of certain materials being purchased.

The costing clause itself has a tendency to raise the price to the Government as the manufacturers normally average their profits and losses. A contractor engaged solely on Government contracts cannot do this as he may be faced with the Government Costing Dept. demanding a refund if his profit is excessive on a particular contract, but must bear the loss on other contracts which show a loss.

No business could survive which was faced with the proposition of refunding its profits and standing its losses, and the obvious result has been that instead of quoting a keen price contractors have played for safety by inserting a high maximum price in all contracts. There would be nothing wrong with this providing the Government had a competent staff to establish an equitable price *promptly* before payments were effected, but such in my experience is *not* the case.

The result is that when a contractor continues to be paid the maximum price inserted in his contract he begins to compute the difference between his cost and selling price as profit, and as he continues to be paid at this price profit can be disposed of under the easy assumption that "what has not happened—will not" and that the Government is not serious in its intention to apply the costing clause.

A further result is that the need to withstand wage increases disappears and that some at least of these profits will be paid out in increased salaries and wages—paving the way to an increased price in the next contract.

To any person who has given the financing of this war any consideration it is obvious that, as the industry of the country is given over more and more to war needs, the standard of living must fall and if we are to avoid substantial inflation the price of commodities must be kept down. This is only possible if the Government is in a position to assess the price at a correct level. It would appear hopeless to control the price of margarine and leave processed copper, iron, steel, etc., to the tender mercies of the Industrial "rings." When the price of bacon advances everyone is aware of the fact, but very few people know that the price of brass stampings for fuses has advanced 50 per cent. since August, 1939.

In my humble opinion unless the costing clause is inserted in all Government contracts and applied vigorously and promptly the Government will themselves usher in the time of money in plenty.

A. JEFFRYES

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

SIR,—In your issue of August 17th, Mr. W. Horsfall Carter omits the only point that really matters. He assumes that the nations do not want war, and that all that is needed is to devise a scheme for avoiding it. Unfortunately the nations—or at least the persons in them who really count—do want war. Mussolini has again and again told us why. "Some nations have everything, and others have nothing," he says; and he believes that by war Italy may be raised from poverty to riches. Hitler has said the same thing with more verbosity. It is useless to tell such men how to avoid war.

Is it true that "some nations have everything, and others have nothing?" According to Mr. Colin Clark it is. In his epoch-making book, *The Conditions of Economic Progress*, he shows that there are perfectly astounding differences in the standards of life of different countries. He has devised an "international unit" to measure comparative standards of life. Here are the results for the leading countries:

U.S.A.	1381
Great Britain ..	1069
France	684
Germany	646
Japan	353
Italy	343
U.S.S.R.	320

The peoples of all these countries probably work about equally hard, yet some are four times as well off as others. While these differences exist it is useless to propound schemes for ending war. When they cease to exist, war will cease without any schemes to end it.

R. B. KERR

FÜHRERPRINZIP

SIR,—Mr. Woolf's review, headed "Sahibs or Socialists," in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of August 14th raises an important question of principle. He claims to represent Socialist opinion in objecting to the Public Schools because they produce "little Führers." His ideal post-war society is presumably to have no leaders. Anarchy is a much more logical philosophy than most people think, but perhaps a little out of date.

One of the few sensible passages in *Mein Kampf* discusses the question of leadership and criticises modern democratic practice for freeing the Prime Minister from responsibility for his acts. Most readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION would agree that our present troubles are due to the fact that our best men did not become leaders and that our leaders have not led. What the State needs is not less machines for producing little Führers, but more efficient ones. The Public Schools have a value in this respect. The Public School type, which Mr. Woolf is pleased to call the Sahib, has great qualities. Public opinion bred largely from tradition compels him to aim high in most spheres of behaviour and activity and to make a bigger effort than his private inclination would usually provide. He is expected to have "guts." Secondly, there is a certain tradition of disinterestedness. Because the majority of Public School boys have been and are freed from the bitterer aspects of the struggle for existence, there is a possibility of doing things for their own sake. Mr. Laski's attack on the Public Schools—On the Dangers of Being a Gentleman—reads like a badly written panegyric because he concentrates on proving that a gentleman is an amateur. But it is not true, as he assumes, that an amateur is always inefficient or reactionary.

Having been myself a pupil at one Public School and a master at three, I am not blind to their defects. Many boys are admitted who are not really capable of getting value from an expensive and exclusive education, and the intellectual side of education is often shamefully neglected, though the darkness is not as black as it is painted by the orthodox and rather antiquated Left view. A symposium published a few years ago by a number of young Socialists contained contributions from three products of our most typical Public School.

I hope it is not Fascism to want a leaven of highly trained people. Perhaps Mr. Woolf thinks it is.

T. B. INMAN

A NEW TAX

SIR,—I should like to propose what I think would be a good method of taxation. It would be a pity to have a tax on knowledge and the theatres have already borne their burden under the amusement tax. I think if golf was taxed and the player paid a tax of so much per round you would then be taxing an amusement that is purely a selfish one and not an art, whereas the theatre, for instance, is an art and benefits numbers of people at a time. The tax would be paid at the beginning of play and could be put into operation with very little trouble to the secretary. There are a large number of people who still spend their week ends at this pastime and have not the slightest intention apparently of giving it up during the war, so that it should be quite a useful source of revenue.

ENID GOULLET

VITAMINS

SIR,—May I draw attention to a slip in Mr. Ritchie Calder's article on vitaminization? The new margarine is "fortified" with vitamins A and D, not with A and B. A and D are fat-soluble. The B vitamins are all water-soluble.

FRANK WYATT,
Secretary, London Vegetarian Society.

money

A DUAL RESPONSIBILITY IN TIME OF WAR

The responsibility of Directors, Trustees and others in control of money is twofold in wartime. It is their duty to safeguard the immediate financial interests of their shareholders and beneficiaries. But in the present emergency that duty can only be fully discharged by taking into account the larger interests of the Nation. The value of money itself depends upon the maintenance of the country's financial stability.

Leaders of Business and Finance are therefore urged to invest all available funds in National War Bonds (1945-7) without delay and to continue their full support as and when further funds become available for investment.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

If my guess is right, this year or next is the centenary of Mr. Pooter and maybe of Mr. Padge, Mr. Gowing and Mr. Cummings as well. The patriotic historians of Holloway should be at work, scheming for a plaque to be placed over the doorway of The Laurels (No. 12), Brickfield Terrace. There Mr. Pooter with his "dear wife" Carrie and his atrocious son, Lupin, finally settled, and, in '91, when Mr. Pooter's "grand old master" presented the freehold of the place to his faithful clerk, he must have been fifty. That, as the saying is, takes one back; indeed, it is so far back for some of us that we cross the frontier of comedy and enter into the wilderness where family ends and history begins. The joke dims and dims until it ceases to be a joke and becomes a fact.

The fact, neutral, normal, pathetic, is the essence of the humour of *The Diary of a Nobody*.* Gentility was the illusion; the grim fact was that Mr. Pooter was not very well off, that he tripped on doorscrapers, that he ate Wednesday's blancmange on Thursday and Friday in holy matrimonial privacy and was caught doing the same on Saturday by the brutal Gowing, who shouted out, *while the servant was in the room*, "Hulloh! The remains of Wednesday." Facts were the fly in Mr. Pooter's ointment, the Gowing in the laurel bush. Off pops his made-up tie at the ball, out in Society he is horrified to meet his ironmonger, the laundry returns his coloured handkerchiefs without the colour, and his wife violates the sanctity of marriage by complaining, in company, that every morning she has to listen to his blessed dreams. For years he has laboured and reached that summit where a man can at last open a bottle of three-and-sixpenny champagne with an air both festive and refined, only to discover that this is not a summit but a foothill. Indeed he has to listen to Mr. Hardfur Huttle saying that it is insult and murder to give your guests even a six-shilling champagne. Mr. Pooter's life is one long humiliation at the hands of triviality and God gave him no gift of laughing at himself. Far from this, the only things he can laugh at are his own jokes—puns brought forth after long preparation which only "dear Carrie" sees and then not always—and though as sensitive in the trills of decorum as the Cid was on the point of honour, he is doomed to be pestered all his life by the enraging bites of petty indignity. A boob, a fool, a tedious and touchy old bore, Mr. Pooter has the innocence but not the stature of the comic martyrs; he is a study in the negative; he is a good man in the sense that the Devil evidently regards him as being too dull for temptation and is content to put hard peas in the shoes of the pilgrim on the trim avenues of gentility and leave him to it.

The foreigner who picked up *The Diary of a Nobody* would be bound to note that there must have been something especially dreary about English lower middle-class life in the 'nineties. I hear echoes of elderly relatives saying "Poor So-and-So" was a "cure" or "a caution," that he was always saying and doing things which were "too real." Reality was the joke, its awful, dreary greyness. People who, like "dear Carrie," turned the leg of mutton over and covered it with parsley so that the unexpected visitor would not notice the joint had been cut, laughed at the little comedy when they read about it or saw it on the stage. There is a pathos in a joke so small, a Cockney whine, a cringing suggestion of the prison house. Yet it would be a mistake to regard the humour of the Grossmiths as a sedative to its audience, an aid to complacency or resignation. Looking down upon snobbery, we see the comedy of snobbery; looking up to it, we see what a dynamic romantic force it has been in English middle-class life, how it is natural to an expanding society. The words "too real" are not a pathetic acceptance of life's little ironies only; they are an idealistic protest against reality, a call to push on with the illusion, to have a really uncut shoulder of mutton in the house next time. The moral impulse in the English character takes peculiar forms and is (I am afraid the Irish are right) essentially vulgar. Like the go-getting Japanese, we dare not lose face, and the cultivation of dignity, ambivalence and vulgarity to this end is automatic with us.

As "too-realists" the Grossmiths were salutary historians. They recorded the paralysis of middle-class living, the horror when the preoccupation with etiquette, with good manners and bad manners, was upset by someone like Mr. Padge, who had no manners at all, not even bad ones. Mr. Padge, that low man who seemed all moustache, who took the best chair and would not budge from it all the evening, who stared at everybody, smoked a dirty pipe and whose only words were, "That's right," and who had a coarse, vacuous laugh, is a great character:

> I was so annoyed at the conduct of Padge, I said: "I suppose you would have laughed if he had poked Mr. Gowing's eye out?" to which Padge replied: "That's right," and laughed more than ever.

And yet the Grossmiths are just: they are never savage, never unkind; they trip Mr. Pooter but they help him up afterwards; they even leave to insipidity its own curious pathos. The fact that Mr. Pooter himself is recording his daily hopes and disasters in all their shattering mildness, keeps us on his side. One cannot kick a man when he is down; one cannot ridicule a man who is already making an ass of himself in his diary. One feels protective towards the Mr. Pooter who is so childishly engaged in curling the whiskers and adjusting the coat tails of the proprieties that, when life breaks through in the form of a slapstick bread fight, a row with the butcher or "words" with his son, he is always helpless and hides his nakedness with indignation. And indignation, of course, makes it worse. English humour on its cheerfully vulgar course always ends in knock-about:

> They then commenced throwing hard pieces of crust, one piece catching me on the forehead, and making me blink. I said: "Steady, please; steady!" Frank jumped up and said: "Tum, tum, then the band played."
>
> I did not know what this meant, but they roared and continued the bread battle. Gowing suddenly seized all the parsley off the cold mutton and threw it in my face. I looked daggers at Gowing, who replied: "I say, it's no good trying to look indignant, with your hair full of parsley." I rose from the table and insisted that a stop should be put to this foolery at once. Frank Mutlar shouted, "Time, gentlemen, please, time," and turned out the gas, leaving us in complete darkness.

Yes, one feels protective to Mr. Pooter; he is innocent. The truly comic character always is. From Don Quixote down to Pickwick, Pooter and Beachcomber's Mr. Thake.

The Diary of a Nobody was the sane answer to the sentimental realism of Gissing. The "too real" had reached a stage in Gissing which was altogether too real. There is an incredible story of Gissing's which describes how a young lady from Balham broke off her engagement and ruined her life because of the shame of discovering that a photograph of herself as a baby had appeared in the public Press to advertise a Baby Food. The need for laughter was obviously urgent. But each age provides its own antidote in the younger generation. In the *Diary* there is nothing so fascinating sociologically as the character of the awful son Lupin, that bouncing, insubordinate and loud young man who is always being sacked from his jobs only, against all desert, to get much better and also much shadier ones. Lupin is a symptom. The prim mid-Victorians have given birth to the effusively vulgar Edwardians, the exuberant business-man is succeeding to the industrious clerk and "the grand old master"; just as the stucco and yellow brick of Brickfield Terrace is to be abandoned—shortly to become a slum—and will be superseded by the red brick, balconies and Tudor of the next ring of suburbia. The sulking, the shiftiness, the flashiness of Lupin are perfect. He is of his time and yet he has touches of the eternal.

Much of *The Diary of a Nobody* is dated in fact and in general atmosphere. The happy ending, so natural, is quite dated. At fifty the present-day Pooters do not get a rise of £100 a year: they get the sack. They are too old. As for "the grand old master," the Pooters of to-day never see their employers, hardly know who they are. Most of us would be glad to know our ironmongers. The humorous writing which was a kind of comic game of chess with the English class system survives in only the feeblest artificial comedy of the commercial stage, and the commercial stage is usually a generation behind the times. With the loss of class as a comic subject, kindness has gone because stability has gone. Our own humour is more cruel. It is speedier and prefers fantasy, as is shown by a glance at Beachcomber—the Grossmiths' successor. Why, then, does the *Diary* still amuse? Like an old fashion, of course; but also because it was the most economical, the least wordy, the most limpid and crystalline of its kind; because it anticipated the *sans commentaire* method which is characteristic of to-day. Its popularity with the older generation to whom Mr. Pooter was the ridiculous father, where to us he is an archaic and hardly known grandparent, springs from the general relief it brought to the mid-Victorian strain; it was a new humour of the lower middle class which Wells and Bennett (a pair of Lupins in their time) were to carry farther, and which was disapproved of by the refined. It is interesting to read of the disgust which this new voice of the lower middle class aroused when it became heard at the beginning of the century. The objection of the aristocratic critic of the *Morning Post*, for example, to Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*, was to the lowness of its people. The subtle *Diary* disarmed that critic by satirising the gentility he had taught them.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

* *Diary of a Nobody*, by George and Weedon Grossmith. Everyman Library. 2*s.* 6*d.*

INDIANS ON INDIA

India To-day. By R. PALME DUTT. *Gollancz.* 9*s.*

The Indian Problem. By K. S. SHELVANKAR. *Penguin Special.* 6*d.*

Indian writers have done curiously little to help us towards an understanding of their country's case. Here, however, are two books which together make good the omission. Both writers know how to address us; both of them are intellectually our contemporaries and both are Socialists, though of different schools. Each uses the same set of facts and they work towards the same conclusion, but from a sharply contrasted approach. Mr. Shelvankar is the Indian who loves his own land and people with a noble passion. India is for him a personality, who had already a long and interesting life behind her before the interruption of our conquest. He is primarily an historian and the freshest and most readable part of an always readable book is the section in which he analyses the structure of Indian society on the eve of our coming. It was an elaborate civilisation, in many ways as advanced as that of seventeenth-century Europe,

but it was static and could not itself have made unaided the step from the feudal to the bourgeois way of life. This is a short book and much of it is inevitably only a rapid if spirited summary, but it contrives so to use history as to give us, as it were, a vivid biography of this Mother India, whose life we have moulded for a century and a half. The book does not flatter us, nor will it feed our complacency, but it is singularly free from bitterness. The historian looks backwards and tells us that things happened so, but he brings no indictment against ghosts.

Mr. Palme Dutt, in spite of his Indian blood, has lived all his life in the West. The result is some lack of atmosphere in his picture. He is well equipped to write about Indian economics, but his remorseless intelligence has drawn its material, not from observation, but from census returns and official reports and from a little known series of articles by Karl Marx, who also had never visited India. His approach, like that of Mr. Shelvankar, is historical, but there is a striking difference between them. Mr. Dutt has written a terrific indictment of the conquest and of British rule in India. His motive is anger where Mr. Shelvankar's is love. It is, none the less, a perfectly disciplined anger. Mr. Dutt never loses his temper, or raises his voice. It is the processes of history that concern him and he rarely pauses to accuse or even to criticise an individual. He is scrupulous in amassing his facts and quoting his figures, and if there are a few slips, as in a long and detailed book there must be, they are due rather to the complication of the data than to any lack of care. The best parts of an exceedingly able book are the chapters that deal with the economic history of India under British rule. A skilful critic might question some of his deductions from the available statistics, notably his estimate of India's "tribute," but the broad argument of the book would survive any expert examination conducted with candour. In his few polemical sections Mr. Dutt is always successful, notably in his handling of those who find the explanation of Indian poverty in over-population, and in his remarks on India's many languages.

Mr. Dutt's central thesis is that after the first phase of our dealings with India, which was merely predatory, British capitalism did for a time play a "progressive" role. This is a somewhat charitable name for the destructive part it played in breaking down the feudal social system, smashing the self-sufficient village community and destroying handicrafts. As the flood of cheap machine-made goods submerged the Peninsula, Indians were driven to agriculture as their sole pursuit, and a half-employed population began to overcrowd the land. Both books, but more especially Mr. Shelvankar's, deal with our disastrous introduction of the functionless landlord, who levied on the village tribute without service. But "progress" halted at this stage and failed to carry forward the normal evolution of a capitalist economy. India was never industrialised and up to the last war British policy discouraged industrialisation. Even now, though there has been a considerable growth of light industry, the development of heavy industry is recent and slow; the census returns show no diminution but rather a perceptible growth in the percentage of the population that draws what is described, with dry, official humour, as its "living" from the land. By its refusal to promote industrial development, British capitalism has become reactionary. Its mission, such as it was, is ended. The political manifestation of this later reactionary phase is the reliance, painfully obvious in our generation, on the more backward elements of the population, especially the princes, and the more conservative faction of the Muslims, chiefly large landowners. This analysis, which goes to show that British rule now acts as a brake on the economic progress of India, leads inevitably to the demand for national

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independence. Mr. Shelvankar is the more persuasive of the two in his argument that Indian nationality does, and in the past did, exist as a continuous and conscious tradition. Neither of these authors faces the difficulty that an impoverished and industrially backward India could not defend her independence against predatory empires. Mr. Dutt may have in his own mind an adequate answer, but he conceals it. It is possible that he means by independence the status that Lithuania enjoys within the Soviet Union.

There is much else that deserves a mention in these able books. Both writers deal fully with the problem of the land. Both rightly insist that a large proportion of the under-employed villagers must be transferred from agriculture to industry. Both rightly demand the expropriation of the landlords, though neither of them offers a plan. Mr. Dutt sees in socialised farming the model for the future. Mr. Shelvankar believes in peasant ownership, but suggests that the peasants could afterwards be persuaded to throw their holdings into communal farms, for he seems to believe that it was by voluntary consent that agriculture in the Soviet Union was socialised. Mr. Dutt's critical study of the record of Congress and his analysis of Mr. Gandhi's essentially "bourgeois" ideology make a useful, if slightly malicious, contribution to history. But it is still, one gathers, the "line" of his party to smile on Congress, and he views its reformist programme with qualified approval. Neither writer deals adequately with the factors in Hindu tradition and social institutions that contribute to the poverty and backwardness of India, though both admit their influence. They can plead for this omission the justification that the official policy of Britain in India has tended to stabilise these institutions and has played, especially in the Indian States, a reactionary part. Both books, but more especially Mr. Dutt's, are propagandist in intention. But there is in Mr. Shelvankar's little essay a serenity and a length of perspective that come near to lifting it out of this category. Mr. Dutt, on the other hand, has amassed a store of facts that one can find nowhere else so well arranged. Both books should be prescribed to every Member of Parliament and to every official active in India. But will either of them pass the sieve of the Custom House in that land where we teach our subjects to spell out Mill On Liberty?

H. N. BRAILSFORD

ENGLISH MONASTICISM

The Monastic Order in England: 943-1216. By DOM DAVID KNOWLES. *Cambridge University Press.* 45*s.*

It is not often that it falls to the historian to find before him for review a book of really outstanding importance. It may be said at once that Dom David Knowles' study of the early centuries of monasticism in England is such a book. It is in the best tradition of Benedictine scholarship, which is a very great tradition indeed. Based upon wide and profound research, reinforced by an acute critical sense, it is completely objective, but it gains enormously from the fact that the author knows monasticism from the inside and brings to his work a depth and delicacy of understanding that only such knowledge can give. No layman, for instance, could appreciate as he does the hold of the Benedictine rule upon the minds of those who have heard it read each day over a period of years, or could have penned the wise words in which in his last chapter he sums up the influence upon the monk of "the monuments and treasures of spiritual doctrine which were present in the round of every day's life." Looking upon monasticism at once from within and from without, he can assess the changes in its spirit from age to age, hold level the balance between its religious and social functions, criticise even its success and see the little flame at the heart of what an outsider might too easily sweep aside as failure. Moreover the book is notably well written. In the black days through which we are passing there is something very heartening in the contemplation of a first-rate piece of scholarship which will survive as a classic in its subject long after the tumult and the shouting have died.

The book falls into two parts, historical and institutional. The first contains a narrative history of the monastic order in England from the revival under Dunstan and King Edgar to 1216. Thrice there came a vital impulse from abroad and a remarkable response in England. Dom Knowles brings out very clearly the peculiarly national character of Anglo-Saxon monasticism, the efflorescence of the Anglo-Norman monasteries into the main spiritual and intellectual reservoirs of the country and the *succès fou* of the Cistercian order in the twelfth century. The character sketches with which this section is studded deserve particular mention, for Dom Knowles has a happy knack of making saints and scoundrels and men of action live again. The second part of the book is more analytical in form. A study of the interior polity of the black monks and the daily routine of the monastery leads to some excellent chapters on their intellectual activities, with a particularly interesting section on the development of the liturgy and chant. The external relations of the monastic houses are then considered and their place in the fabric of Church and society defined, while two concluding chapters deal with the maintenance of discipline and the critics of the monks.

The history of monasticism passes through clearly marked phases during this period of nearly three centuries. In the first century it was "the very heart and soul of the rebirth of the country," from which came men who not only ruled the Church but were the controlling influence in social and political life. This pre-eminence began to give way towards the close of the eleventh century; on the one hand a feudal and secular organisation capable of independent action and evolution appeared beside monasticism; on the other a reforming papacy, a new and lettered hierarchy and a renaissance of learning "slowly regained the initiative of government and teaching which they had held in the last centuries of the ancient civilisation." Henceforth the monastic order was only one element in the religious, social and economic life of the nation. Moreover there grew up in the last century under survey a new hostility to monasticism, coming on the one hand from the bishops and on the other from secular clerks, employed in royal and ecclesiastical households and steeped in the new culture of the twelfth century. Of these brilliant and irresponsible critics, skilled in all the arts of satire, Gerald of Wales and Walter Map are the best known and their personalities and work are very judiciously appraised.

To the social historian the most interesting pages in the book are those in which Dom Knowles shows how monasticism was woven into the texture of contemporary society and economic life. The black monk houses grew with the growth of feudalism and fitted it like a glove. Their abbots were great feudal barons and their estates, like the lay and ecclesiastical baronies which surrounded them, were a complex of manors and feudal dues and services which had to be exploited to the benefit of the house; the possession in addition of such revenues as titles and the proceeds of appropriated churches only made the exploitation a more complex problem. The Cistercian

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system was in part a revolt against all this. The white monks (to begin with) rejected all possession and exploitation of feudal sources of wealth such as courts and serfs, and all income from the possessions of the Church. They sought to detach themselves from the life of the country, settling in solitary places and dealing solely with land, which they cultivated on a centralised system by their own labour and that of their lay brothers. Dom Knowles brings out the distinction excellently by a modern parallel, "the property of a great corporation such as Trinity College, Cambridge, which comprises farms, fields, cottage holdings, city houses, glebe, advowsons of all kinds as contrasted with the vast single area of a cattle or sheep ranch in the Argentine, with its one ranch house and its scattered and isolated huts, stores and byres." Yet the Cistercian system also fitted exactly the economic needs of its age. The twelfth century was an age of rising population and prices and expanding colonisation; and the white monks in this sense were pioneers.

Each system had its disadvantages both economic and spiritual. The position of the Benedictine abbot in the feudal scale meant that the king could claim not only his services but the fruits of the abbey during vacancy. The complexity of the sources of income enjoyed by the monastery constituted a serious administrative problem and made it difficult to maintain a centralised control over finances. These conditions led first to the separation of the households of abbot and monks (partly in order to avoid the feudal burden) and then to a complete devolution and departmentalising of all revenue and expenditure. The result was apt to be spiritual worldliness and financial chaos. On the other hand the Cistercian system, just because it was so highly centralised, offered vast opportunities for the pursuit of gain for gain's sake. Settling as they did in those parts of the country where pasture farming was already important (for Dom Knowles somewhat underestimates its extent prior to their arrival), they were able to cash in on the rising export trade in wool to meet the demands of the Flemish cloth industry. In the end they became a byword among the satirists for avarice and rapacity.

It is possible to touch on only a few of the topics raised in a book of rare learning and rarer balance and wisdom, which deserves to be enjoyed by a wide public. EILEEN POWER

EARLY BLAKE

Windows of the Morning. A Critical Study of William Blake's *Poetical Sketches*, 1783. By MARGARET RUTH LOWERY. *Oxford University Press.* 18s. 6d.

To every poet his legend. Miracles belong specially to Blake. There were the angels he saw in trees as a boy. Other children have discovered angels? But Blake went one better, for he reported that God had put his head in at the window; and that, despite his father's threats, was only the beginning. Everything we associate with Blake seems to have sprung like a jack-in-the-box: his ideas, his poetry and paintings, even the famous "outline" which later was to become an article of faith. "I am happy I cannot say that Rafael ever was, from my earliest childhood, hidden from me; I saw and I knew immediately the difference between Rafael and Rubens." The same legend, the same element of the miraculous cling to his discoveries in poetry. Blake, like Rimbaud and Mozart, dazzles by his ability to anticipate experience, an intuition so far-sighted and complete that at first we accept it without reference. He comes to us out of the blue. That quality of imagination remains, of course, after endless re-reading, but it is no longer unattached; the Blake who wrote "How sweet

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I roamed" wrote also "London" (harshest and most "modern" of his poems); the seer wrapped in cloudy emanations would emerge with a blunt epigram or a preference for "a snub-nosed Jesus" which showed a firmer foothold than his contemporaries allowed. That Blake was not so divorced from his age as a hasty glance might suggest has been admirably argued by Mr. Eliot, who quoted the lines:

> The languid strings do scarcely move,
> The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!

(early Blake, by the way) with the comment, "he is very eighteenth-century." Perhaps Mr. Eliot is over-sensitive to interconnecting threads in poetry, but the paradox served to bring about a readjustment of view. Miss Lowery's *Windows of the Morning*, a study of Blake's *Poetical Sketches*, corroborates his criticism. Her chapter on "Some Contemporary Influences" is the most interesting in a book which is useful rather than arresting. Though it contains few surprises and a rather lengthy treatment of inessentials, we should be grateful for the patience which has tracked down relevant passages in Collins, Thomson, Akenside, Chatterton and Gray. Blake was not the sort of poet who "uses" others, and the link is rarely more than that of a man catching his reflection in odds and ends of the furniture. Thomson's *Seasons*, for example, he obviously enjoyed reading as a boy, and the leisurely ecstasies of the original are condensed into four brief lyrics, personifying the seasons, with which *Poetical Sketches* begins. Thus Thomson's *Spring* contains the following lines:

> Gradual sinks the breeze
> Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
> Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
> Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
> Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
> In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
> Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
> And pleasing expectation.

Now Blake, coming on such a passage, would have jumped instantaneously at the picture beyond, and it would be that picture, and not Thomson's lines, that lodged in his memory. When he came to write *To the Evening Star*, the scene had acquired a dazzling new focus:

> . . . Let thy wind sleep on
> The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
> And wash the dusk with silver.

Not so "very eighteenth-century"! Nevertheless, Miss Lowery shows in a number of parallels the kinship, if not the debt, of Blake to some of his contemporaries. I have said that her book is useful. It follows out other early influences: the Bible, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Percy's *Reliques*. And it makes the reader look twice at pieces he may have skimped before. How many readers, in a hurry to reach the *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, have paused over the speeches in *King Edward the Third* or the prose of *Samson* and *The Couch of Death*? Yet they are interesting in themselves and doubly interesting as pointers to the future. *Windows of the Morning* performs modestly the task of setting us to re-read Blake, with a sharper eye for his surroundings.

G. W. STONIER

LORD HALIFAX

Speeches on Foreign Policy. By VISCOUNT HALIFAX. *Oxford Press.* 10s. 6d.

Lord Halifax is the last of our leading statesmen to permit the publication of his speeches on foreign affairs. Mr. Churchill, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Eden and Mr. Attlee have all already permitted us to re-read their occasional judgments on the pre-war crisis: the present volume, though unduly doctored by an editor who has thought fit to delete all personal references from Parliamentary speeches, gives us at least an impression of the character and philosophy of this elevated and yet curiously vague personality.

The Foreign Secretary is distinguished from his colleagues by the sincerity and simplicity of his Christianity: he is not afraid to call himself a Churchman or to justify his foreign policy on religious grounds. While for Mr. Churchill or Mr. Chamberlain Christianity is a respected pattern of national life, for Lord Halifax it is above all a pattern of personal life. Compare Mr. Chamberlain's defence of appeasement with that contained in this volume, and the contrast is obvious. Mr. Chamberlain for instance argued that, whichever side won in China, foreign investment would be needed, and with the bluntness of Birmingham denounced Collective Security as midsummer madness. His love of peace was that of the business-man, who sees that modern war must destroy the very basis of private enterprise and orthodox finance. His attitude to Hitler and Mussolini was that of a respectable capitalist trying to fix up a combine with rival firms, powerful but of doubtful standing. Lord Halifax stands high above this "Monopoly Cobdenism." There is hardly a reference in his speeches, in other but the vaguest terms, to economics or even to politics in the usual sense of the word. He never analyses for instance the character of National-Socialism, Fascism, or Communism, hardly mentions the social problems of insecurity and unemployment which have made our age a period of revolution. His Christianity and his political philosophy alike are founded upon ethical principles remote from such mundane matters. These principles form the leitmotivs of his speeches and can be summarised quite briefly.

1. The civilised state is founded upon a respect for human personality. It is God's will that we be left free to work out our own salvation, even when authority imposed from above might seemingly produce more happiness.

2. The task of the good man in public and private life is to reconcile that which may be ideally right with that which is practically possible.

3. In international politics, the dilemma has been presented of isolationism versus complete collective security. The good man chooses the middle course of limited commitments.

4. When two ideals, righteousness and peace, conflict, the good man chooses peace. (For an expression of this view see pages 154-5 and 160.)

5. "If we are to induce reason in others we must be reasonable ourselves." (p. 142).

It was upon these principles that Lord Halifax conducted the foreign policy of this country in the years of appeasement. True to the golden mean, he applauded the application of sanctions but not of such as would seriously antagonise Italy; and later justified to the League the recognition of the Italian Empire in Abyssinia as an example of the reconciliation of ideal right with practical possibilities. The Fascist conquest of Spain was permitted on the ground that, to induce non-intervention in others, we must not intervene ourselves, and secondly because, even if right was on the side of the Republican Government, it conflicted with the peace which the good man seeks. The same argument was applied to the Munich Agreement.

Until he gave the guarantee to Poland, there was an impressive consistency in Lord Halifax's thought. He refused to recognise a conflict of ideologies or to divide Europe into opposing *blocs*: Britain's task was that of the peacemaker between fractious nations. In a strange sense the Foreign Secretary believed in Moral Disarmament. He pursued peace, even when righteousness demanded war and although what was achieved by reconciliation was peace in nothing except in name. In order to pacify the Axis, he was not prepared to eat a vulgar

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hat like Mr. Chamberlain; but he was prepared to subordinate every other moral principle to the avoidance of war. Only if our own cheek was in danger of being smitten, were we justified in returning the blow.

There is no doubt of Lord Halifax's sincerity. He believes that we had to go to the limit of concession, before we turned to war, and that true religion demands a sweet reasonableness in our dealings with AntiChrist himself. Such a philosophy is compatible possibly with Christian principles, but it is certainly not the only Christian philosophy of our time. Indeed it bears far more resemblance to Aristotle's philosophy of moderation than to most Christian practice. Lord Halifax, both in his personal life and in his politics, is the modern counterpart of Aristotle's "great-hearted man," who eschewed all enthusiasm and, poised between the extremes of idealism and realism, serenely viewed the rough and tumble of vulgar life. Not for him the pursuit of economic interest—he was comfortably off already—nor the defence of high principles, when the risk to his own self-sufficiency was too great.

Such a philosophy may, I admit, be reconciled with Christian teaching. But its detachment and self-deprecation cover a moral arrogance which suited the Greek citizen of a slave state but do not blend so happily with the Sermon on the Mount. Lord Halifax has the complacency of the man who knows he is right and is not prepared to let intellectual argument influence his moral convictions. He has the insularity of the Anglican, out of touch with either Lutheran or Catholic theology—almost contemptuous indeed of any religion based upon intellectual dogma. And his politics display the same characteristics, a slightly complacent disregard of rational analysis and a moral poise which can too easily rationalise a fear of war into a desire for peace.

The last speech included in this volume is that delivered at Oxford last February and specially addressed to the younger generation. It is nobly phrased, the expression of the calm resignation with which an ageing aristocrat steels himself to war in a world relapsing into barbarism. Once again the reader is reminded of the Athenian gentleman, conscious that, while he is the inheritor of a noble past, Philip the Macedonian is the heir to the rough future. We can admire the character of the orator: we cannot regard him as a leader to inspire the makers of a new age. His resignation is always poised on the edge of defeatism; his piety on the edge of pietism. Lord Halifax's Christian meekness lacks the burning wrath of the Master who drove the money changers from the Temple, denounced the Pharisees and summoned the poor and disinherited to enter on their inheritance. If Christianity is to defeat the evil forces of our age, it must find a very different leadership from that offered in this volume; and if British democracy is to offer Europe an alternative to the Third Reich, it must cease to base its foreign policy upon the enervated doctrine of the golden mean.

RICHARD COVENTRY

THE ENGLISH CIVIL WAR

The English Revolution: 1640. Edited by CHRISTOPHER HILL. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 2s. 6d.

The imprint of Messrs. Lawrence and Wishart upon a book on the English Civil War tells one in advance what its interpretation of the war is likely to be, and the main interest of reading it is to discover how crudely or how subtly the "materialistic" method is applied. Obviously a Marxist version of the Civil War must represent it as a struggle between a rising capitalism and an obstructive feudalism, which in fact it was. But men will not die for things called capitalism or feudalism, and will die for things called liberty or loyalty, and to ignore one set of motives is as misleading as to ignore the others. This, however, is what the authors of this book do their best to do. Early in the first essay the familiar note is struck:

> The fact that men spoke and wrote in religious language should not prevent us realising that there is a social content behind what are apparently purely theological ideas. Each class created and sought to impose the religious outlook best suited to its own needs and interests. But the real clash is between these class interests.
>
> It is not, then, denied that the "Puritan Revolution" was a religious as well as a political struggle; but it was more than that.

In the light of the first paragraph, it is not so easy to see what is meant by "religious struggle" in the last sentence. But in that cocksure paragraph one can see the main weakness of Marxism, its failure to interpret human motives. Religion, morality, patriotism and so forth are invariably written off as "superstructure," a sort of hypocritical cover-up for the pursuit of economic interests. If that were so, one might well ask why it is that the "superstructure" has to exist. If no man is ever motivated by anything except class interests, why does every man constantly pretend that he is motivated by something else? Apparently because human beings can only put forth their full powers when they believe that they are *not* acting for economic ends. But this in itself is enough to suggest that "superstructural" motives should be taken seriously. They may be causes as well as effects. As it is, a "Marxist analysis" of any historical event tends to be a hurried snap-judgment based on the principle of *cui bono?* something rather like the "realism" of the saloon-bar cynic who *always* assumes that the bishop is keeping a mistress and the trade-union leader is in the pay of the boss. Along these lines it is impossible to have an intuitive understanding of men's motives, and therefore impossible to predict their actions. It is easy now to debunk the English Civil War, but it must be admitted that during the past twenty years the predictions of the Marxists have usually been not only wrong but, so to speak, more sensationally wrong than those of much simpler people. The outstanding case was their failure to see in advance the danger of Fascism. Long *after* Hitler came to power official Marxism was declaring that Hitler was of no importance and could achieve nothing. On the other hand, people who had hardly heard of Marx but who knew the power of faith had seen Hitler coming years earlier.

The third essay in the book, by Mr. Edgell Rickword, is on Milton, who figures as "the revolutionary intellectual." This involves treating Milton as primarily a pamphleteer, and in an essay of 31 pages *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* only get between them a hurried mention of half a sentence. The most interesting essay of the three, by Miss Margaret James, is on the materialist interpretations of society which were already current in the mid-seventeenth century. The English Revolution, like some later ones, had its unsuccessful left-wing, men who were ahead of their time and were cast aside when they had helped the new ruling class into power. It is a pity that Miss James fails to make a comparison between the seventeenth-century situation and the one we are now in. A parallel undoubtedly exists, although from the official Marxist point of view the latter-day equivalents of the Diggers and Levellers happen to be unmentionable.

GEORGE ORWELL

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trade cycle problems—chiefly those which have been the subject of recent controversy in the academic journals in which economists dispute. Two deal with international trade, and attempt to rescue what can be rescued to practical purpose of the classical doctrine of "comparative advantage." The book is mainly addressed to economists rather than to general readers; but Professor Robertson has the advantage of writing well and clearly, and much of his book can be read without a headache to follow.

Week-end Competitions

No. 550

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes (two guineas and half a guinea) for a sonnet addressed to your favourite film star.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 30th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 548

Set by Thomas Smallbones

A recent film with the inviting title, *The Way of All Flesh*, turned out to have no connection at all with Samuel Butler's book. The usual prizes are offered for a paragraph (300 words) from the advance publicity of a film entitled *Jude the Obscure*, or *Persuasion*, or *Murder in the Cathedral*, or *Sentimental Journey*, or *The Golden Bowl*.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

The spirit of this competition was caught with gusto, and competitors proved that those masters of the persuasive bromide, the movie publicity men, have nothing on the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. They might indeed have picked up a few wrinkles from the variety and profusion of epithets, the richness of imagery and the dazzle of invention which this competition supplied. On the other hand there are limits of taste which they have to observe, and the blasphemy which two of the subjects prompted would undoubtedly earn them a veto from the Women's Clubs; not even *these* free and easy pages, for instance, could print all of Extra's announcement of *Jude the Obscure*—"An addition to this 'S.P.C.K.' 'Saints' series (Peter Simple and Silas Marner) . . . a delicate love interest is supplied by the introduction of Rhoda (Greta Garbo), a maid in the house of . . ." Apart from that, however, Jude proved to be popular subject, whether as a mystery to be unmasked or as a rejected aspirant to fame—the simple country dancer, for instance, in Pax's version, whose ambition it is to tap-dance on Broadway, but who is brought back by his simple country girl to a simple country life ". . . And Jude ploughs his acres while the lights of Broadway fade into the glow of the setting sun—an unforgettable film."

For *The Golden Bowl* R. S. Jaffery projected one of those stupendous musicals where the chorus "of glamorous goldfish and war reserve policewomen, helmeted like Minervas" wind in and out of the great Golden Bowl itself. Towanbucket suggested the more obvious Eastern setting, pleasantly enlivened by his choice of actors. "The Golden Bowl, sacred symbol of Peace and Plenty, is stolen from the temple by Lefty Joe (Spencer Tracy) . . . the exquisite love idyll of pathetic little Lotus Bud (Merle Oberon) the mystery of whose birth heightens the tension of the tale almost unbearably. Lon Chaney as the Ugly Priest. . . ."

Richard Pomphret produced a lively piece of *Sentimental Journey*. "With Sentiment in charge of Dorothy Lamour and Warner Baxter, and Journey in charge of the Deep South . . . what more natural they meet? What more natural the age-old ripening of love is torn by the ache-charged antagonisms legacy of the Civil War?"

Murder in the Cathedral was the most popular choice, and here the fun was fast and furious . . . Produced by N.B.G. . . . Tyrone Power as the Archbishop . . . Every scene personally checked by a professor of Oxford University . . . This storm-tossed idyll of two unhappy saints, deathless as love itself . . . Damon Runyon's done it again. Corpses in the crypt, laughter in the Lady Chapel. Edward G. Robinson as the American Gangster who becomes an English Bishop. . . . A corpse in every sequence, and a laugh in every corpse . . . A choir of five hundred Nuns singing Gounod's Ave Maria with Massed Organ accompaniment. The Nuns' robes alone took 3,000 yards of Rayon silk. . . Aimee MacPherson personally supervising the script. . . .

These are some of the suggestions of Ellen Evans, Charles Furbank, Lionel S. Harris and Meg Seaton. But there was never a doubt about the winner, Stanley J. Sharpless, who provided an excellent piece of slap-stick. For second prize I recommend Meg Seaton's *Persuasion*.

FIRST PRIZE

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MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL

Something entirely new: a Wodunnit Musical—with a novel twist. Where was the body found? In the library? No! In the bathroom? No! In the cellar? No!!! *In the cathedral!* Yes, sirree. Slap in the sacred precincts of Britain's most majestic fane. Was the Archbishop mad!

See Bing Crosby as the chief choirboy, who is shot dead by an unknown hand while singing the Lost Chord! Ginger Rogers is the glamorous leader of the young women's bible class. She has a hit number in the big Bishop's Garden-Party Scene, called "I Do Like To Be Beside The See Side," and she introduces a new dance that will be the rage of every church social this winter: the Canterbury Scram.

Charlie Kunz is the cathedral organist. His throbbing harmonies bring the tension up to fever pitch during the curdling moments when death stalks the cloisters and fear-crazed prebendaries huddle in the crypt.

As well as thrills a-plenty there are lashings of laughs in this film, especially in the scenes of life below stairs in the adjoining convent! Sol is the first producer who has dared to put the "tickle" in "ecclesiastical."

For the opening night the attendants will be dressed as sidesmen, plush tip-up pews will be installed in place of seats, and the special souvenir programmes will be in the form of hymn-books.

Don't forget—next week—Murder in the Cathedral. Be sure you don't miss this epic of Episcopal Sin, played out 'neath ten million dollars' worth of stained glass in England's oldest shrine. It's terrific! It's gigantic!! It's gothic!!!

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The night was glamorous and she was tired of being an elevator girl—he had a yacht, a limousine and a big bankroll!

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MEG SEATON

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

MARKET RECOVERY—EQUITIES DIFFERENTIATED—HOME RAILWAYS AND NATIONALISATION

IT was not surprising that Mr. Churchill's speech should have put heart into the Stock Exchange: it was calculated to put heart into anyone but a Fifth Columnist. Moreover, the technical position on the Stock Exchange is such that security prices are bound to move upwards with better news and more confidence, for the "bears" are finding it increasingly difficult to close their "short" positions. Since the end of June there has, indeed, been a quiet but persistent recovery in equity share prices. If we take the leading shares as representative the recovery has been of the order of 33⅓ per cent.:

	Price end June	To-day's Price	Last Divd. %	Gross Dividend Yield %
Imperial Tobacco £1	3½	4½	23 (net)	8.00*
Imperial Chemical £1	18/6	25/10½	8	6.20
Rolls Royce £1 ...	2 5/8	3 1/8	20	6.55
Tube Investments £1	60/–	78/1½	23.75	6.05
Vickers 10/– ...	9/6	13/–	10	7.70
Woolworth 5/– ...	40/–	55/6	65	5.85

*Net dividend may be reduced.

The only important market which has not participated in this happy movement is that in oil shares, which is explained by the brutal omission of the Shell Transport and Anglo-Iranian final dividends. On the other hand Rhodesian copper shares have enjoyed rather more than the normal recovery. Perhaps they had been unduly depressed, but if the market imagines that the sales agreement between the Empire copper producers and the Government is now due to be revised this month in the producers' favour it is making a mistake. The Government has the option to continue its purchases at its fixed price for the duration of the war. The producers will only be paid a higher price if their costs have increased. I would not buy Rhodesian copper shares after this rise, except possibly Rhodesian Anglo-American, which is relatively under-valued.

* * *

The market recovery should not be regarded as the normal recovery in equities following upon a lessening of the trade risk premium. There is hardly such a thing as a *normal* equity or trade risk. All dividends are in effect limited by law for the duration of the war, seeing that the Government takes all excess profits over the standard period by virtue of its Excess Profits Tax, or limits the percentage of equity profit in cases where companies are working on certain war contracts. Equity shares can, therefore, no longer act truly to type: they can no longer represent a hedge against inflation or give any real participation in an industrial boom. They are not, of course, protected against a fall in profits if the war dislocates their business, as we have seen in the case of the oil companies and the London stores, but when they have gone through the period of war dislocation they must emerge in their war character of semi-fixed-interest securities. This fact the Stock Exchange is just beginning to appreciate. When the point has been reached where dislocation is ended and the maximum war dividend not yet attained, then the equity share is entitled, I submit, to be valued on a yield basis lower than that of a real fixed-interest stock, unless it falls within the category of "about to be nationalised." Which brings me to the home railways.

* * *

The railway market has been hanging fire. The application of the railway managers for a further increase in fares has roused such a storm of public protest that the market now fears a revision of the railway wartime agreement. If the managers imagine that Parliament will revise it in the railways' favour, they must be living in the cloud cuckoo-land of nineteenth-century capitalism. Public criticism has fastened on the apparent favouritism which (a) allows the railways to retain 50 per cent. of profits in excess of "standard" while every other industry has to surrender 100 per cent. under E.P.T., and (b) makes certain that the railway excess profits will be abnormally swollen by the diversion of traffic from the roads. But the public must allow that the railway pre-war standard of profits was abnormally low because they were not getting a "square deal," that there was in fact unfair competition from the roads and that Parliament before the war broke out had approved in principle of the "square deal" proposals which would, under normal trade conditions, have raised their standard of profits. Last week I argued that it was unfair to blame the railways for the inflationary drift of the Government's economic policy, but I did not mean to imply that I was opposed to nationalisation of transport as the fairest way out of the railway problem. I have already declared that I would welcome nationalisation of transport, cables and wireless, gas and electricity, coal, iron and steel, armaments, chemicals, cement and heavy engineering (including electrical). The Stock Exchange would quickly become reconciled, in my view, to dealing in "public board" stocks for these industries. In the nationalisation of transport I would only argue that the Government would have to give the railway stockholders somewhat better terms than those implied by the present minimum guarantee of £43½ millions a year for the railway pool.

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The past year should be looked upon as having covered three distinct periods—the pre-war period; the first few months of war when the shipping industry was adjusting itself to the new conditions, and the third period, commencing in February last, when all liner tonnage was requisitioned by H.M. Government. The first period showed a fairly substantial improvement over the corresponding period of the previous year, particularly in our New York/Bermuda Service, for instance.

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A National Savings Group has been established among the members of our staff, and our own and subsidiary Companies have subscribed about £750,000 to the New War Loans.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.